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W. E. MOLLISON, ESQ.

Lawyer, Scholar and Farmer of Mayerville, Mississippi—A Coming Leader of the South.

In the case of the subject of this sketch there is a decided departure from the saying that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country.

Willis E. Mollison was born within a mile of his present residence, September 14, 1858. His childhood and youth were spent among the very people who have in his later years honored him successively.

He says he does not remember when he learned to read. His mother was so firmly impressed with the importance of education that she did not spare any effort to have him obtain whatever little was to be had at that time. His first teacher was great on the blue-back speller, but weak on the other groundwork. After a mastery of the blue-back, our subject was kept at school just to keep him from forgetting.

In course of time he went to Fisk University at Nashville, where he spent a couple of very important years in his career. While there he met the young lady who afterwards became his wife, and who has contributed no little to his success. After leaving Fisk he went to Oberlin College, Ohio, where he studied in the regular course, and took several select studies. He entered college there in 1879, standing high with both classmates and teachers as a student and as an individual of marked ability. He studied German with the junior class, and thus obtained a knowledge of the language which has served him well on many occasions since that time.

After leaving Oberlin he came home and entered upon a career which, up to this time, has been highly successful. He was urged to become a candidate for Circuit and Chancery Clerk of his county, and failed of election by some thirty votes. He at once entered upon the study of law, and soon applied for admission to the bar in his native town. He passed an examination which was pronounced brilliant by one of the finest lawyers then on the bench in this State. He entered upon the practice of his profession and met with no small degree of success. His maiden effort was in a celebrated murder case, and his speech was complimented by his associates and opponents.

In 1881 he bought a half interest in the Spectator, his home weekly. Within two days he was compelled to buy the other half. It was in a country town where no printer could be had and no one who could give him any assistance in getting out the paper. He had never set a type, nor run a press, but, determined that he would not fail, rolled up his sleeves, worked all day and all night for weeks and did not miss a single issue. It was often "made up" contrary to all rules, but the paper came out, and was soon recognized as one of the best in the State. It was for a long time the only Republican paper in the State, and was widely copied by the State press, with which it ranked high.

In 1882 Mr. Mollison received an invitation to the Press Convention of the State, and, thinking that his color would be forgotten, accepted it, and went along with the State Press to Natchez. Jefferson Davis was the guest of the convention on its down trip. The people of Natchez were apprised beforehand that they would have a "white elephant" on their hands, and were prepared for it, although they did not know what the outcome would be. Mr. Mollison took part in the deliberations of the convention, and, when banquet day came, when the elite of the city were hosts, he fell into line and took his seat at the banquet with the rest, seemingly unconscious that there was any difference of race or politics. There was on many a face some little astonishment manifested at so strange a sight, but, as the editors were guests and hosts of cultured people, our subject was soon free from any embarrassment. He was waited on by the leading citizens of the place with the utmost cordiality, and every attention paid him there and thereafter. It is not strange that he entertains a very high opinion of the people of Natchez, who are known far and wide as the most cultured and refined anywhere in the South.

He was appointed County Superintendent of Education in 1882 by a Democratic Board of Education while a white man and Democrat was an applicant for the office. He held this office until his election for Clerk of the Circuit and Chancery Courts of his county. The two terms did not expire at the same time, and so he was at the same time Superintendent of Education, Clerk of all the Courts, editor, and practicing law to the extent of winding up the cases in which he was interested. He was re-elected clerk in 1887, without opposition, receiving every vote cast in the county for that office.

He has been frequently spoken of for Congress from this district, and was urged to accept the nomination last year, but declined it on account of pressing duties at home which required his constant attention.

He was made chairman by the same convention of the district committee which was then made up and contributed no small part to the election of the Congressman in this district. He issued an address before the election which ranked high as a political document, and as to which no answer was made or attempted by the Democrats.

During all his career, and among his other duties, has been the management of a large cotton farm, to which he devotes a considerable amount of his attention.

As a public speaker Mr. Mollison ranks high. He has delivered several addresses on great occasions that have won for him a high place as an orator. One of the most notable of these was his address to the graduating class at Alcorn University in 1887, which was pronounced by the press of the State as excellent. He is well read on a wide range of subjects, and is well posted on current events.

His recent nomination for Secretary of State by the Republican State Convention is the latest honor which Mississippi has conferred upon him. It was determined beforehand that only one colored man should be put upon the ticket, and this was accorded by almost unanimous consent to Mr. W. E. Mollison, although he had made no canvass for the place and had expressed himself as opposed to the placing of a ticket in the field this year. The Democratic press of the State have united in paying him some very flattering compliments, nearly all of them declaring that his nomination was the strongest on the ticket. As Mr. Mollison prophecied, the ticket was withdrawn because Mississippi does not want any discussion of her affairs just yet.

Mr. Mollison is the head of a happy family, which has three bright little girls for its younger members.

He is plain and unassuming, and bears, without losing his head, the many honors continually bestowed upon him. He is cool and deliberate, and is esteemed a valuble member of the community in which he lives as an adviser in all sorts of affairs. He stands high with his white fellow-citizens who are proud of his well-directed influence.

He is president and general manager of the Issaquena County Joint Stock Company, which he organized, and which is doing a good business.

All round, there are few men whose future is brighter than the subject of this sketch, W. E. Mollison.

A. H. FOREMAN.

Mayerville, Miss.

WE CAN'T PROSPER

And Continue in the Present Ruts A Few Practical Hints from Our Birmingham Scribe.

Birmingham, Ala., Special to The Freeman.

There is one important fact that the Negro must take under consideration, and that it is his opportunity of shaping his destiny. He should no longer sit and wait for his Northern friends to bring to them their rights, now denied them on every hand. They should go to work for themselves, uniting with one another and educating themselves, building school houses and buying homes for their children. Take the Negro of the South to-day, and two-thirds of them have had opportunity to educate themselves and buy homes since freedom. But they still idle their money away. In the summer, when labor is in demand and everybody is busy, and wages for common labor range from $1.25 to $1.50 per diem, the Negroes crowd on excursions, and make the railroads richer and themselves poorer. This is one great evil that time alone will eradicate.

Another great evil is the accommodations prepared by the managers of the opera-houses of Southern towns, and Birmingham especially. The idea of a young man styling himself a gentleman and taking a young lady up the back stairs into a gallery, where no one can see anything, even above the lights. There they sit and peep over the gas lights, trying to see what is going on, while their backs are made to suffer from leaning over seats that are built like a circle stairway with no backs. Why should the Negroes expect to be respected when they don't respect themselves. The Negro must first respect himself, and that will demand the respect of others.

When a white man buys a lot in Birmingham and wants it paid for he rears up a house on the alley for Negroes to rent, and they rent it before it is furnished, and when they live there long enough to pay for the lot, he puts up a house on the front for himself or some other white man.

Another thing: In the fall, when circuses and "quack doctors" are traveling the country with their worthless medicines, the poor Negro is their prey. They rob him because he is ignorant and will be induced to spend his money for everything he sees on the streets. But the poor Negro, with his children barefooted and ignorant, crowds into circus tents and sends off the money they need to make their homes happy and comfortable.

"Yellowstone Kitt" has been here some time reaping a great harvest from the poor people. The churches and business houses cannot get a crowd like "Kitt" to listen at foolishness and pay to sit in his tent when the churches and school houses are open for education and advancement with seats free. These are the evils that we must remedy, or we will never be respected as a people.

The Freeman was the first colored paper that spoke of the crowded condition of the colored schools of this city. At the last meeting of the Board of Education the superintendent recommended enlargement of the buildings and establishing another school for colored citizens. One of the new buildings occupied by the white school is being enlarged, while the colored children sit in a basement of a church on a cement floor as cold as the ground itself.

Birmingham has an investment association with a chartered stock of $50,000, owned by colored men.

BROTHER IN BLACK.

PROF. C. O. JACKO,

Of Dallas, Texas, One of the Finest Colored Artists in the South.

Prof. C. O. Jacko the subject of this sketch is one of the finest artists in the South; his painting in crayon and pastel can not be surpassed. He can draw anything he sees, and often sketches pictures for newspapers. He is a young man about thirty years old; was born near Pine Bluff, Ark., in 1858, in French town, and was brought up on a farm. He was educated in the common schools of Pine Bluff and the Branch Normal College. He published the first colored paper ever published in Arkansas, and was the first president of the Arkansas colored Press Association, and reporter in the House of Representatives of Arkansas eight years. He has made hundreds of dollars every session of the legislature making life size pictures for the members for themselves. In 1887 he presented the house with a life picture of Gen. U. S. Grant, for which they gave him $65. He ran the leading Negro paper in Arkansas for ten years with a circulation of about 5,000. He is also a fine musician, both instrumental and vocal. As an orator and lecturer he is hard to surpass; his lectures draw large crowds of people to hear him. He is now delivering lectures all over the State of Texas on "The Future of the Negro of America."

In 1887 he gave up the newspaper business and devoted his whole time to painting and enlarging pictures, until in 1888, he established the Fordyce Union High School, at Fordyce, Arkansas. He succeeded in building a two-story building by giving musical entertainments by his "Jubilee Singers." He then came to Texas and is now permanently located in Dallas, Texas. He is organist and music teacher of Bethel, A. M. E. church choir, the leading church in the city, and has opened up a regular artist gallery. He has bought an interest in the Enterprise, and will hereafter be one of its editors. He is a practical printer and cartooner and does good work. His painting needs only to be seen to be appreciated.

How She Got Rid of a Loafer.

A young lady living in Windsor was visiting in Detroit lately, and on her way to the ferry stopped to rest in Grand Circus park. She was very tired and did not notice any one near. Pretty soon two men strolled along and sat down on an adjoining bench. One of them, addressing the young lady, said:

"It's a very pleasant afternoon, miss."

She was determined not to be driven away, so took no notice of him. In a few moments he repeated his address:

"It's a very pleasant afternoon, miss."

Still she kept severely silent, hoping he would see that his attentions were unwelcome, but he was not to be bluffed. He jumped up and, going right in front of her, looked directly at her as he repeated for the third time:

"It's a pleasant afternoon, miss."

The young lady looked in his face and laid her finger on her lips. The man stared, then turned quickly to his companion.

"By the Lord, Harry!" he exclaimed. "the girl is deaf and dumb. Come on."

The young strategist watched them out of sight and then resumed her walk.—Free Press.

Perfectly Convenient.

"Could you render a poor printer, out of work and destitute, a little assistance?" queried a disreputable-looking specimen as he came, in a hesitating manner, into the sanctum. "Don't put yourself out," he added hastily as the editor rose with great suddenness—"don't put yourself out." "I won't," said the editor cheerfully, as he rolled up his sleeves; "it isn't myself that I'm going to put out."—Epoch.

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THE REWARD OF MERIT.

Robbed by a Highwayman in the Mammoth Cave.

When I stopped off at the Mammoth Cave House last fall to have a look at the big underground exposition, there were only a few guests in the house. Only one of them particularly attracted my attention, and he might not have done so had he not introduced himself, borrowed a cigar, offered me a sip of his cough medicine and otherwise exhibited his desire to be friendly. When he finally got seated for an interchange of views he claimed to be Col. Henry Blanchard, late of a Tennessee regiment. That is, he was about twenty-five years late, having coloneled the regiment during the last years of the war. I think he also told me which side he fought on, and that he was an awful fighter, but just at that time I was wondering about the cave and I didn't put down the figures.

I do remember, however, that the colonel told me that he was a millionaire, and I furthur remember that I managed to convey the impression that I had about three millions at my disposal. Experience has taught me that it is better to lie about those things—to out-lie the other-party. When a stranger has informed you that he can draw his check for a cool million, and you have replied that you'd be glad if you could draw one for $25, the inevitable result is a coolness which soon drifts you to opposite sides of the pasture of life. I therefore make it a rule to let the other man fix his figures to suit himself and then I double them.

The colonel next informed me that he had arrived on the grounds with speculation in view. He had heard that the cave was for sale at a ridiculously low figure. The owner of it had got the idea that mammoth caves were going out of style and would soon be a drug in the market, and would therefore sell out for a trifle—something like $50,000. Was I looking for an investment on which I could double my money in thirty days? I was. Would I take half of it? I would. If it had been a farm or a viney rd or a yoke of cattle I might have hesitated, but one never runs any risk in buying a cave. It is right there. It stands in any climate. It is always healthy and productive. If it should fail as a cave, owing to some change of public sentiment, one can turn it into a cold storage, a state prison or a pirate's lair and reap fair interest on the capital.

It was agreed that we should walk over to the cave the next day, and it was further agreed that we keep the matter as still as death. There were other millionaires there and they might catch on. We were to set out at 8 a. m. so as to go slow and look for other caves on the road. Before setting out I gave the landlord my watch and all my money but a dollar, and when ready to go I stepped off as light infantry. The colonel was awaiting me down stairs, and under his directioc I slipped quickly away in one direction, while he took another and soon joined me.

"We've got to work this thing mighty easy," he explained. "Chances to make a million dollars don't grow on every bush, and if the fact that this cave is for sale was known in Louisville a special train of millionaires would be out here to-night."

I agreed with him, and we took to the fields and made short cuts. We had gone two-thirds of the distance and were passing over a wooded ridge and chatting as friendly as two emperors, when I heard a click! click! behind me and the colonel sang out:

"Halt! Throw up your hands!

"What's the matter, colonel—snakes?"

"If you don't do exactly as I order I will blow your head off!" he replied.

"But what's the order?"

"Shell out! I want everything you've got!"

"Is this a put-up job?"

"It is."

"And you are not Col, Henry Blanchard, late colonel of a late Tennessee regiment in the late war?"

"Not any! Shell!"

"Would you rob an orphan of his all?" I asked, hoping to reduce his heart to a liquid state and then outrun him.

"I would, and don't you bother me too long!"

Then I began to shell. I shelled out a silver dollar and laid it on a rock. Then I shelled out a cigar case, two quill toothpicks, a match safe, a cigar, a pocket knife, and a phial of peppermint essence which I used for toothache.

"Come down!" he yelled as I stood and looked at him.

"I have."

"I want your money!"

"There it is. I've got $23 and a railroad ticket to Detroit at the hotel, but you'll have to wait until we return there."

"Where's your watch?"

"At the hotel."

"You miserable, poverty-stricken wretch, but you lied to me about your millions!" he shouted.

"But you lied first."

"Turn your pockets wrong side out!"

I complied and he saw their emptiness.

"That's a regular Yankee trick," he growled as he tried to hide his chagrin. "If it wasn't for the trouble of hiding your carcass I'd shoot you! Now, then, do as I tell you!"

"With pleasure."

"Go straight toward those trees, and don't you stop until you reach them. If you look back I'll shoot you."

"I picked up everything but the dollar, wished him good day and set out, and after reaching the trees I made a circuit and finally brought up at the hotel. When I told the landlord what had happened he exclaimed:

"Is it possible? Why he owes me for a week's board! What will happen next, I wonder!"

A week later I met the colonel in Lexington, Ky. I met him face to face on the street, and his embarrassment was so great that I felt sorry for him.

In order to put him at his ease and prove that I had no hard feelings towards him, I held out my hand and said:

"Colonel, you owe me a dollar, borrowed money."

"Just looking for you that I might pay it," he replied, and he went into his vest pocket and brought up my 1872 dollar.

Then we smiled and passed on.

A Senatorial Poker Game.

Years ago Senators Jones, Vest, Stewart, and Cameron were playing a game of poker one evening, says the San Francisco Examiner, and although the stakes were not high the company was good and it ran until long after midnight. A few days afterward Vest remarked to Jones: "I say, Jones, wasn't that a nice game the other evening? Everything went along so well and no one at the game had to watch the other three. I like a gentleman's game like that, where you don't even have to cut the cards for a square deal."

Jones, who is an incorrigible wag, suddenly conceived the idea of having some fun with Vest, so he manufactured a story to fit the occasion.

"I'm glad you think so," he said, "but Bill Stewart doesn't have that idea of it."

"What!" said Vest, quite seriously, "do you mean to tell me that Stewart thinks there was cheating in that game?"

"That's the idea he conveyed to his wife when he reached home. She spoke to me about it yesterday."

"I'm really sorry to hear that," said Vest. "I feel hurt to hear he felt that he hadn't lost his money on the square."

"I feel the same way," replied Jones. "I felt as if a thunderclap had struck me."

"What did he really say about it?" asked Vest.

"Well, he came home about 3 o'clock and his wife noticed that his beard was all covered with tobacco juice—a very unusual thing for him—and she took him to task for it. He said he had been in a senatorial poker game.

" 'Were there no cuspidores in the room?'

" 'Yes, plenty of 'em.'

"Couldn't you turn from the cards long enough to use them?'

" 'No, my dear; not in *that* game.' "

Four Old Churches.

Lincoln county, Maine, famous for Indian relics and other antiquities, has three churches that were built before the Revolution, and one whose doors were opened at the very dawn of the present century. The German Lutheran Church at Waldoboro was erected in 1771, and is still in a good state of preservation. It is a queer old wooden structure, with pews like boxes, and an elevated pulpit, and galleries around three sides. Its interior finish is quite elaborate, but unpainted, and its windows are set with odd little panes of glass, which admit a very doubtful light. Its Bible and other books are as old as the building, and the sexton, Miles W. Standish, is a lineal descendant of the Puritan Captain. Waldoboro was settled by Germans, and up to the year 1830 services in the old church were connected in the German language. At that time, however, the congregation had become Anglicized to such a degree that they preferred their sermons in bad English. Regular services were discontinued fifty years ago, but the society keeps up its organization, and once a year the whole countryside flocks to the quaint old church to attend the anniversary services, which prevents it from falling into complete disuse. "Walpole Church" in Bristol closely resembles the Waldoboro edifice, and is still in good condition after 117 years of almost continuous use. In Aina, near Wiscasset, there is a church which is supposed to be about 115 years old, and one mile from Newcastle village stands a Catholic church, built of brick, which was completed early in the year 1800. It is plastered with lime burned from rock brought from Ireland, and, although a dingy little church, seems likely to stand for a century yet.

Cologne Drinking.

One of the latest fads is cologne drinking. It is common in England and France and is gaining ground in America. Cologne can be bought without exciting suspicion at the drug stores and its intoxicating qualities are of the most reliable character. The cologne drinker usually begins by taking it on lumps of sugar and progressively works up to take it straight in liberal quantities. As most of the American cologne is made from wood alcohol, a particularly venomous and fiery decoction, its effects are more marked than those of the ordinary liquor, and the drinker may indulge his appetite with a responsible certainty that he will wind up with delirium tremens. But this, instead of being an objection to cologne drinking is regarded as one of its merits, the tendency of bibulous development seeming to be in the direction of something more deadly.

The Prettiest Girl in St. Louis.

Miss Nellie Pratt, who was chosen by the votes of the exposition visitors as the prettiest of all the pretty girls in the building, is a very handsome and petite young lady, who carries her honors easily. She is neither a blonde nor brunette, having golden hair, with just enough curl in it to give a pretty effect to the well poised head. Deep blue eyes, which the owner knows how to use to the best advantage, sparkle saucily beneath drooping eyelashes, and a well-rounded outline, with shapely arms and bust, small but well-formed feet and hands, coupled with a neat dress, makes an ensemble that is fair to look upon. Miss Pratt claims 19 summers to her credit, but to the usual observer this looks like an exaggeration.

Wanted Something New.

"I love you, Emeline, with all the fervor at my command," he said, as they strolled out East avenue. "Yes, George," she replied, "I know it, and yet I would that you told me of your love in some other terms. I have been loved with fervor, oh! so many times, and I do want this match to amount to something."

BURDETTE AS A PREACHER.

The Humorist's First Sermon in the West.

Bob Burdette preached his first sermon in the west in a Methodist church in Chicago. Long before the hour for the services to begin the church was crowded to its greatest capacity and the doors closed against large numbers who went away disappointed. It was quite evident, said the Times next morning, by the demeanor of the congregation that the people had come to laugh with the funny man rather than to listen to a sermon. Interest in that part of the service which preceded the sermon was plainly small, and people chatted and fanned themselves unconcernedly until the ante-sermon hymn, when the famous humorist advanced to the edge of the platform.

Mr. Burdette chose as his text II. Timothy v., 1; "Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." The sermon was clearly the work of an enthusiastic optimist, eagerly desirous that every one might share the joy he had experienced in the teachings of his religion. "God is good," he said in effect. "The world is a mighty fine place, after all. Sin may be banished and sorrow overcome, and happiness may be had for the asking." In the course of the discourse he said:

"These words of the apostle were not the utterance of a cold and crafty precepter who proposed to bring up his adopted child that he should tread the devious paths of the world in safety and achieve the greatest possible amount of material good. If St. Paul had been such a teacher he would have said: "Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the wiles of the devil. Cheat, lie, steal, trample upon conscience, murder, scruple; take to thyself that which thou cans't seize upon, whether lawfully or unlawfully. Fear not—there may be heaven, there may be hell; meantime, there is one earth.' But St. Paul was not that kind of a man. 'Thou, therefore, my son,' he said, 'be strong in the grace that is in Jesus Christ."

"That way lies happiness; there is sweet content and the heart's ease of a calm and quiet conscience. The heathen rage furiously, the wicked make a stir in the world, but there is no health in them. They sow the wind, and they reap the whirlwind; and they pass away. Be thou, thou, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Jesus Christ, and everything that is pleasant and beautiful shall be about thee, and joy and rapture will fill thy soul eternally. Now, you may not believe it, but it is true that St. Paul knew what he was talking about, and some day you will come to the conclusion that you would have been better and happier if you had followed and profited by his sage advice.

"Then you will look back with sorrow and bitter tears upon the vast fields of pestilent wild oats that you have sown so thick and with such diligence, and slowly with halting step, you will go to the bank of God and say: 'Let me have fifteen years this morning, please.' And the cashier will say: 'No, my son, you have overdrawn your account.' 'What!' you will exclaim, in surprise, 'I have checked out only thirty-five years so far.' 'Ah, my son,' the angel of life will say to you, 'you have lived seventy years in those thirty-five, and your credit is exhausted.' Then will come, all too soon, the time when you will be stricken down, and then—Think of it my boy!

"Eternity! Never more to greet God's glorious sun with the smile of perfect and unconscious innocence; never again to hear the lowing of the kine of the hillside you knew so well in your boyhood; never again to listen to the melody of the birds; never again to join in the romping of merry children on the village green; never again. Eternity! Never again to feel the arms of loving women about your neck; never again to hear the gladsome prattling of your child; never again to know the delights of your friendship; never again. Eternity! And thus, at your own desire, you will go forth into the black night of death, hopeless, helpless and alone. My boy, is that to be your life? Is this to be your latter end? No; God forbid.

"Be true. Be honest—not because some one has said that honesty is the best policy, for if you are honest from considerations of policy you will be dishonest just as soon as dishonesty seems to you to be a better policy. But be honest because honesty is right, honesty is noble. And if you find the task a hard one, remember that there is one that will keep you, if you will ask His aid.

"He died for the priests and the pharisees who judged Him falsely. He died for Pilate, who condemned Him. He died for the people who jeered at Him. He died for them who crucified Him. He died for the millions who daily wound Him. He died for you and me. He will help you, my son. Ask Him."

The Growth of Trees.

In the parish of Winfarthing are two magnificent oak trees, one of which is known as the "Winfarthing Oak;" the other is little inferior to it in magnitude, but appears to have been generally passed over in favor of the more celebrated tree first mentioned. These trees were inspected by Robert Marsham, F. R. S., the friend and correspondent of Gilbert White, and a great agriculturist, in the year 1744; and he has left in his diary accurate measurements of both.

The larger tree measured at that time 38 feet 7 inches in circumference, and the smaller just 30 feet. In the year 1874, when these trees were measured according to Marsham's method, the larger tree was just 40 feet in circumference, and the smaller 30 feet; it will thus be seen that one tree had increased 17 inches in 130 years, whereas the other had remained in statu quo.—London Standard.

No Hurry.

Young Bird (on a tree)—"There comes a hunter. We'd better fly away."

Old Bird—"No hurry. He's got to climb a fence before he gets to us, and his gun will probably catch in a rail and shoot him. They 'most always do."—New York Weekly.

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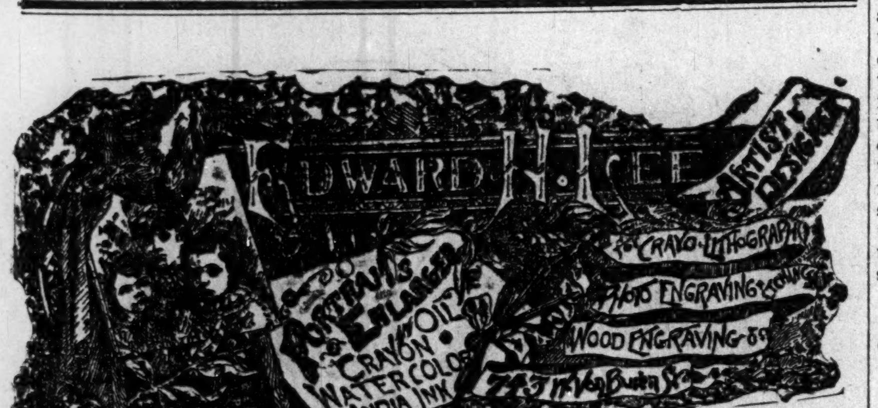

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CHICAGO.

CANNING SALMON.

Chinamen in the Fish-Packing Business on the Pacific Coast.

The salmon canning industry of the Pacific coast is one of great importance and this city is well represented in that line of business, says a letter from Seattle, Washington. The canneries not only furnish employment to those who are actually engaged in the work of canning the fish, but it also brings a harvest to the numerous fishermen and Indians who are located here. Every day there are thousands of pounds of salmon, of the different varieties, landed on the wharves of the canning companies. The fishermen bring the fish to the dock, where they unload them.

After leaving the hands of the white fishermen, when they are piled on the wharf, they are handled entirely by Chinamen. The method of moving them about is very simple. The mover is provided with a stick in the end of which is fastened a sharp spike, and this is thrust into the head of the fish and a sharp jerk is given which lands him several feet away, and perhaps on another pile. The fish weigh all the way from five to forty pounds each.

When the men are ready to commence operations the fish are placed on a long bench, side by side and heads all pointing in the one direction. When the bench is filled, the man who has charge of that portion of the work takes his knife and gives it a rub on his steel, and then cuts off the heads and the front fins. The fish is then turned over to another man, and the head is thrown to one side. This man makes one or two sleight-of-hand movements with his knife and the fish is shorn of its other fins and the tail. Another motion cuts the fish open and another removes the entrails and throws them into a receptacle prepared for them.

After the removal of the entrails the fish are thrown into a large vessel of water, where they are rinsed. They are removed from here, and each fish is given a scraping, both outside and in. I may as well state that the salmon has no scales, and hence the work of removing them has no effect.

The man who scrapes them makes just two twists of his well-trained wrist and the work is done; and they are thrown into the water again, where they are thoroughly rinsed and every stain of blood removed. From this place the fish go to the chopper, where they are cut into convenient sizes for the cans. The chopper is made as follows: There is a table which, at a distance of two inches apart, across the whole width, has slots cut through. By the action of a lever curved knives are brought downward through the slots. The fish are laid lengthwise across the table, and when the knives are forced downward with a quick jerk the fish are neatly divided into cross sections.

These cross sections are then split into smaller sizes. This is done by hand. The meat is now ready for the cans, which are made in the cannery by chinamen. The first operation of the canning process is the salting. This is done in a very simple manner. A table or board one inch in thickness is bored full of auger holes. A thin board slides under the one which contains the holes, thus making a bottom. Salt is poured on the board, and after the holes are filled it is scraped off. Two dozen cans are placed in a tray and the tray is shoved under the table, so that a can is under each hole. The board is then removed and the salt falls through into the can. Each can receives something like a teaspoonful of salt.

The chopped fish is piled on tables, and the cans are taken to these tables as fast as they are ready. Here they are filled with the raw salmon. The pieces are put in and then packed down until the man cannot force in another ounce. Sometimes there will be some sticking over the top of the can, and this is removed with a knife. They are now ready to be topped and sealed. The tops are put on, and then the cans are run through a soldering machine and the work is completed with the exception of soldering the small hole in the top of the the can. The canning is now over, provided there are no flaws to be found.

The cooking is the next thing on the list. The cans are placed in a large square iron tray, which holds about a hundred. The tray is lifted by a rope which runs over a pulley and then lowered into a big vat of boiling water, where they are allowed to rem in two hours.

After the gas has escaped they are again made air-tight by the little puncture made for that purpose being soldered and then placed in the retort. This is kept at a steady heat, 28 degrees above the boiling point. Here they are kept for two hours more, and when they are taken out they are sufficiently cooked. The cans are taken one by one and rubbed over with a brush dipped into brown varnish and they are placed in trays which stand over large iron pans. They are again tested and then allowed to remain still, in order for the varnish to have time to dry. After they are thoroughly dried they are labeled, and last of all they are placed in cases which contain four dozen cans each. These cases are shipped to all parts of the world and the people at a distance get a chance to eat some genuine "Columbia River salmon."

WONDERFUL WILLS.

Cranky Testamentary Utterances That Kept the Maker's Memory Green.

Often quoted is the remarkable will of Solomon Sanborn of Medford, Mass., who died about fifteen years ago. Sanborn was a great patriot, and specially gloried in the part Massachusetts took in the revolutionary struggle. In his will he left his body to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Professor Agassiz, not, however, without imposing some of the most unheard of provisions and conditions. His skeleton he desired prepared in the most artistic manner known to the profession, and placed with the many others in the anatomical department of Harvard college. While preliminary preparations were being made in carrying out this extraordinary request, he desired the surgeons to be very careful with the skin so that it could be tanned in pieces of sufficient size to make a pair of drumheads. Upon one of these drumheads the "declaration of independence" was to be written and upon the other Pope's "universal prayer." Fitted in its proper wooden frame this ghastly relic was to be presented to a local drummer whom the testator designates a "distinguished friend," upon condition that he would promise to carry it to the foot of Bunker Hill monument on each succeeding anniversary of the battle, at sunrise, and beat upon it the invigorating strains of "Yankee Doodle."

The skeleton of Jeremy Bentham in the Hospital museum, London, is there at the request of its owner, who made a special provision in his will to have it presented to the curators of the hospital, who, upon accepting the gift, were to have the skeleton mounted and put in the Presidential chair at each meeting of the hospital directors.

Dr. Wagner, an American, is up to or even ahead of the English precedent in the dismemberment idea. During his life his relatives had given him but little thought. When it came time for him to die—he had a little money, about $1,000—his brothers became very kind. After his death, when the will was read, the following remarkable clause was disclosed:

"To my brother Napoleon Bonaparte, I bequeath my left arm and hand; to George Washington, my second brother, my right arm and hand; to my other relatives my legs, nose and ears. My money, $1,000 cash, now in the B—— bank I bequeath to the physicians and surgeons who carry out my request by dismembering my body and giving to each of my relatives the portion alloted to him or her."

Horatio G. Onderdonk, a brother of the bishop of New York, made provisions in his will which would have turned old Draco green with envy. Draco was strict and well understood the meaning of the expression, "ruling with a rod of iron," but had Mr. Onderdonk lived at the time the old man was preparing his famous code he could have helped to make it more binding. The last paragraph in the Onderdonk will reads as follows: "No heir must be an idler, sluggard, profligate, drunkard, gambler; use liquors or tobacco; go hunting or fishing on Sundays; attend races; enter a barroom or porter house; neglect to rise, breakfast and be ready for business by 9 o'clock, or get married before he or she arrives at the age of 25 years."

THE BIBLE IN LITERATURE.

The Effect on Scholars and Thinkers of Modern Times.

It is safe to say that there is no other book which has had so great an influence upon the literature of the world as the Bible, says the Century. And it is almost as safe—at least with no greater danger than that of starting an instructive discussion—to say that there is no other literature which has felt this influence so deeply or shown it so clearly as the English.

The cause of this latter fact is not far to seek. It may be, as a discontented French critic suggests, that it is partly due to the inborn and incorrigible tendency of the Anglo-Saxon mind to drag religion and morality into everything. But certainly this tendency would never have taken such a distinctly Biblical form had it not been for the beauty and vigor of our common English version of the Scriptures. These qualities were felt by the people even before they were praised by the critics.

Apart from all religious prepossessions, men and women and children were fascinated by the native power and grace of the book. The English Bible was popular, in the broadest sense, long before it was recognized as one of our noblest classics. It has colored the talk of the household and the street, as well as moulded the language of scholars. It has been something more than "a well of English undefiled;" it has become a part of spiritual atmosphere. We hear the echoes of its speech everywhere and the music of its familiar phrases haunts all the fields and groves of our fine literature.

It is not only to the theologians and the sermon makers that we look for biblical allusions and quotations. We often find the very best and most vivid of them in writers professedly secular. Poets like Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth, novelists like Scott and romancers like Hawthore; essayists like Bacon, Steele and Addison; critics of life, unsystematic philosophers like Carlyle and Ruskin—all drawn upon the Bible as a treasury of illustrations and use it as a book equally familiar to themselves and to their readers. It is impossible to put too high a value upon such a universal volume, even as a purely literary possession.

Clover.

"A wonderful thing is clover. It means honey and cream; that is to say, industry and contentment, that is to say, the happy bees in perfumed fields, and at the cottage gate old Boss, the bountiful, chewing satisfaction's cud, in that blessed twilight pause that like a benediction falls beteen all toil and sleep. This clover makes me dream of happy hours, of childhood's rosy cheeks, of dimpled babes, of wholsome, loving wives, of honest men, of springs, and brooks and violets, and all there is of painless joy and peaceful human life. A wonderful word is clover. Drop the 'c' and you have the happiest of mankind. Take away the 'c' and 'r' and you have the only thing that makes a heaven of this dull and barren earth. Cut off the 'r' alone and there remains a warm, deceitful bud that sweetens breath and keeps the peace in countless homes whose masters frequent clubs. After all, Bottom was right, 'Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.'"—Ingersoll.

Now You Know What to Do.

The Chicago Tribune is always doing something for the public good Its last effort is to explain that a Texas steer on the rampage through the streets can be brought to bay by someone throwing an empty flour barrel over his head. Gosh hang it! but why couldn't somebody in Michigan have thought of that thing!—Free Press.

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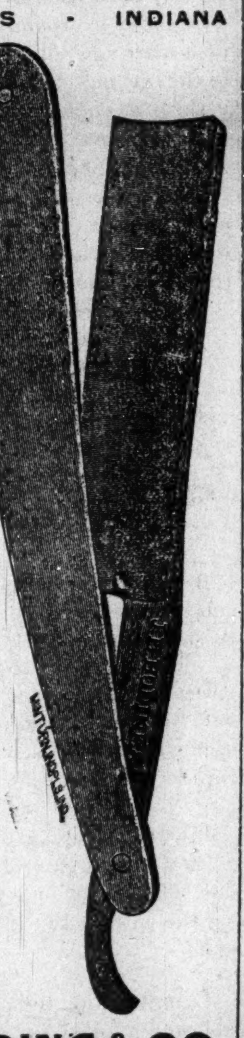

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WANTED.

We want a first-class agent for The Freeman in every city and town not already taken and we will allow a liberal commission for the same. Young men and women will find this work pleasant as well as profitable. Address this office for further particulars.

Hereafter, all persons paying money to us through agents, will receive a receipt direct from this office in addition to receipt given them by agents whenever the money is turned in at the office. Subscribers will do us a favor by notifying us when such receipts are not promptly received.

It now looks as if the Afro-American League would be a success.

Agents who are in arrears and to whom notices have been sent must settle at once or no more papers will be sent them.

In union their is strength and in organization their is power. The Negro with the strength of a Sampson has not the ability to use it. Let the Afro-American League sentiment prevail and organizations be formed everywhere.

"WHAT can I do?" ejaculated Mr. Harrison to the delegation of Baptist preachers who submitted their grevi-ances to him. What have you endeavored to do, Mr. Harrison? With both branches of the National Congress at your disposal it is folly to talk this way to us.

The leading cartoon in the next issue of The Freeman will be "The Negro in Paris and London." It will contain also many other interesting cartoons and illustrations. Subscribers not wishing to miss a number should send in their subscriptions at once. If the agent fails to deliver your paper, send your subscription direct to this office.

There is a move to counter act the Negro exodus to Mexico and we believe it to be a good one. What does the American Negro want to go to the semi-civilized country of Mexico for? The Mexicans like the Indians, Chinese and all other rakings of the earth, think themselves better than Negroes and it would take a century of civilization to eradicate this idea. The worth and ability of the black man is recognized everywhere in the United States and he should remain here to more thoroughly demonstrate them. The school master and politician will soon make the Negro the equal of other citizens, and he will not ask for a half loaf but will take a whole one.

You never know a man until you have dealings with him, and you will not know him then unless the deal is of a business kind. It is then the salient points of his nature crop out, and you see him as he really is. This particular phase of human nature has been forcibly brought to our attention lately by observing the antics of some of our "would-be" leading colored men. The men who usually pose before the public as "leading" are not always leading. Too frequently they are "misleading" and "leading blindly. They are smart enough to cater to public sentiment, and to the whims of the "rabble," and are therefore "popular." They sail under false colors, and do incalculable harm until discovered. So great is the influence which these men exert over a certain class that struggling newspapers and honest men are afraid to assail them, and they are permitted to ply their pernicious and ungodly calling. They not confined to any particular class, but they usually assume the role of the preacher or politician. There is not a newspaper man in the country that does not know of at least a dozen of these fellows in his immediate locality, and he does not expose them because he does not feel able to withstand the influence which they can exert against his paper. And the colored editor who does not assail this class is wise, indeed. It would require more money than is due him from dishonest agents and subscribers to withstand it. Then what shall be done? The Freeman proposes to take the initiative in the matter and plunge into them. It shall speak plainly, and handle them without gloves. In our next issue we shall expose some of the "leaders" who have had work done and refuse to pay for it. Their names will be given and the amount of their bill stated. We shall ventilate them thoroughly, and let the public know what manner of men they are. Their "influence" will no doubt be exerted against us, but it will advertise The Freeman and in this way benefit us.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

The more a newspaper man exerts his ability to please a whimpering public, the more good he does for a town, the more charitable he becomes, the more he is criticised. Speaking of this a writer has said: "The man who can run a newspaper without being criticised, censured and threatened has never been found. He is a oarren ideality, beautiful to think about, but incapable of talking on mortality and associating with vulgar humanity. It is as impossible for him to please everybody as it is for everybody to please him, and the sooner he makes up his mind to this stubborn fact the better for everybody concerned. If he works hard for the public good, he receives private censure; if he compliments merit, he is censured by jealous demerit; if he approves morality he is cursed by immorality; if he tries to be fair, he is censured by the unfair; if he makes a mistake, few are found to overlook it or apologize for him. No matter how good his motive may be, how innocent his purpose, or how studied his writings, he is picked to pieces, misrepresented, maligned, ridiculed, sometimes licked and seldom defended. He works from twelve to fifteen hours per day for a bare living, while other men get rich around him. He works up a marriage notice many yards long to the queen's taste for nothing, and is threatened with a libel suit or duel if he records a drunken spree of the groom six months afterward. Yes, it is impossible, we repeat, for a newspaper man to please everybody. As well attemyt to chain the wind or stop the fury of the lightning.

Bishop H. M. Turner has started a subscription to build a monument to the late Bishop Dickerson.

Denver, Col., and Toledo, Ohio, with a small colored population, have each two weekly newspapers to take care of race interests.

John C. Dancy has edited the Star of Zion, the organ of the A. M. E. Zion church, for four years, contributing the entire editorial matter for the same.

A contribution list of a dollar apiece has been started by the staff of the Philadelphia Tribune for the purpose of providing an armory for the Gray Invincibles.

Mr. Lewis W. Cummings, city editor of the Chicago Conservator, made the second highest average at the civil service examination and has received a permanent clerkship.

W. O. Vance, of New Albany, has been offered a chair in the Surgical College at Indianapolis. It is a feather in the cap of the colored medical college of Louisville, Ky.

A colored man is reading law at Temple Bar, London. A colored lady is holding her own at the University of Paris, and at Rome Edmonia Lewis has made fame and fortune as a sculptor.

The last issue of the Orangeburg Plain Speaker contained a portrait and sketch of Arthur L. Macbeth, of Charleston, whose claim to distinction is that he is the only colored photographer in the State of South Carolina.

W. H. H Hart, a rising young lawyer of Baltimore, read a paper before the Bethel Literary Society last week, with a view to exposing what he regards as some of the fallacies in the argument presented by Dr. Blyden a fortnight ago at the same place in behalf of the Koran in Africa.

BAIT FOR 1892.

The Politicians must use a different kind of bait to catch black suckers in '92. "Promises" won't go.

At the conclusion of a church service in Cameron, Mo., on Sunday night, a member of the congregation arose and announced that he was the agent for a very fine brand of hair oil. He then delivered quite a discourse on its good qualities, and after he had finished the congregation was dismissed with the benediction.—St. Paul Appeal.

One of the best cartoons the Indianapolis Freeman has given was that of two issues back representing a giant form stretched indolently upon the ground in the act of raising one of his legs, with pigmies puncturing his arms, some hammering away at his head and others trying to bind his limbs, and he all the time complacent and smiling. The big lazy fellow had a black face and appeared to be discussing with himself whether to sweep away his tormentors with his great brawny hands and stand erect in his full height or still continue in a state of repose and indifference. When is that individual going to rise, Mr. Freeman?—Philadelphia Sentinel.

OUR SECRET SOCIETIES.

As Conducted in Certain Parts of the South Condemned—Pensacola Politicians and Personal Paragraphs.

Pensacola, Fla., Special to The Freeman.

I have tried to avoid mentioning any of the many faults and mistakes that a great portion of our people here so frequently commit. But in justice to them and wishing to call their attention to them that I may correct them. I wish to be thoroughly understood and wish to see every body and all institutions prosper that tends to the elevation and advancement of the colored race. One of the greatest curses existing among our people is their many different societies. We have here a society composed of children from six years old to sixteen, I believe they are required to meet more or less every Sunday afternoon for what purpose I can not say, but to note the deportment of a great many of them on their way to and from their meeting place is sickening indeed. It is a common occurrence to see twenty or thirty of them grouped together in the streets using indecent language, talking as loud as they possibly can and often fighting. The spendthrift, reckless, thoughtless and unwise parents of most of these children grant them this privilege in order that when they die they will be relieved of the responsibility of burying them. I could mention other evils born of this congregating, but will not. If a few of these "noble" women connected with this society would use their influence and oratory among the parents of these children to stop using snuff, buying intoxicating beverages and be more economical they would be engaged in a much more laudable cause than in dragging these boys and girls down to degredation.

I wish also to pay my "respect" to all of the other societies whose members are wasting their time and money in keeping them afloat when it could be used to advantage in a much better cause. For instance the money that is used to maintain them would put in operation and successfully run a building and loan association or a banking house which would be of far more importance and benefit to the entire race than the maintainance of a society for the benefit of a few.

It does seem strange on the part of a great many of our people that manifest no inclination whatever to make some improvement in their manner of divine worship. Even at a funeral they will jump up, make a loud and ugly noise and strut in and out during the whole time of service.

Postmaster Humphreys has appointed Messrs. W. A. May and R. S. Smith as mail carriers, John Pons as a mailing clerk and Messrs. Evigan Edwards and James Brown as janitors. This is quite a respectable list but the mistake that the colored politician make is they do not ask for anything. This official shows an inclination to do right and I venture to say had the ruling element asked for some of the chief places they would have gotten them. The fact is the average colored politician is more of a curse than a blessing to his race.

Several colored gentlemen recently entered into business here for themselves prominently among them are Messrs. E. A. Ahrens and J. T. Smith. Their place of business is in the business portion of the town and accessible to all.

It is rumored that some unpleasantness occurred between Mr. E. A. Bryant, the mail agent and a conductor on the L. & N. R. R. lately. We are glad to say that Mr. Bryant still carries whole bones.

Mrs. M. F. Green, has been confined to her bed for two or three weeks suffering with neuralgia, but at this writing she is conralescing.

Mrs. Henrietta Butts, an old and respected citizen died last Tuesday. Her funeral services were held at the A. M. E. Zion church of which she was a member. The attendance was large. Revs. J. G. Grimes, Thomas Darby and Arnold officiated.

Rev. Geo. P. McKinney, is devoting all of his time this year to looking after the interest of his church.

A movement has been started at Columbia, S. C., to hold a State fair for colored people.

Independence, Mo., can boast of a colored meat market. Mr. B. Corridge is proprietor.

The convention of colored men of the State of Georgia, will meet in Atlanta on Tuesday next.

Mrs. Maria J. Covington, a well-known lady of Wichita, Kans., died last week, aged 41 years.

George W. Parnell, colored, a watchmaker and jeweler, of Philadelphia, Monday entered suit for damages through George L. Horwitz, against the Traction Company for $2,000 for personal injuries aud indignities.

Col. John M. Brown who ran for county clerk of Topeka, Kan., on the Republican ticket was elected last week.

Mrs Caroline Bennett, a colored woman of Richmond, Ky., gave birth to triplets last week—three bouncing girl babies.

Mr. James T. Wormley, one of the proprietors of the famous Wormley Hotel, is a member of the Washington Board of Promotion for the World's Fair.

Eltonville, in Orange county, Florida, is a city with a solid population—Negro mayor, council, preachers, and churches—not a white face in the community.

Mr. Jas. H. Lewis, a promising young man of Pittsburgh, Pa., was one of 22 out of 55 who passed the civil service examination recently held there. He was the only colored applicant.

There were two colored candidates for the Mass. Legislature, Mr. A. B. Lattimore, on the Republican ticket, and Mr. Clifford Henry Plummer on the Democratic ticket. Lattimore came out ahead, making this his second term in the lower branch of the General Court.

An Afro-American went before the grand jury of Irwin County, Ga., a few weeks ago, and swore that he had been offended by another, cursing in his presence. The grand jury returned a true bill, the defendant was arrested and tried at that term of the Superior Court, found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of five dollars and costs.

Mr. James E. Dixon has full charge of the Western Union Branch Office in the principal hotel of New Bedford, Mass., and receives all the privileges granted the white operators. He is said to be the only one of the race in charge of a commercial telegraph office in this country. He is now teaching another who he thinks will make a superior operator to himself.

Social equality: Just at this period showers of honors are falling on the Negro at the greatest American colleges, and on Friday last we saw a Negro sitting with his lunch in his lap, and his white brother sat beside him and heartily participated. The two compose the only organ grinding company in Washington in which there is a diversity in color.—Washington Advocate.

THE CHICAGO MISCELLANY.

The Pith of Politics—Local Pickings.

Chicago (Ill.) Special to The Freeman.

A literary, musical and humorous entertainment was given at Provident Baptist church on the 7th inst., under the management of one of our noted elocutionists and humorists, Mr. J. B. French, assisted by D. McGowin, B. Simpson, P. R. Delaney, Sanford Harris, and the Misses C. Baxter, C. Johnson, O. Pope, M. Simpson, and Miss Dana Hackley, of Springfield, O., concluding with a mirthful monologue entitled the "Irish Linen Peddler."

A. W. Williams, of the North Side, went to work for the city on the 8th inst. Up to date the colored voters have a fair representation in the city administration, and there will be more.

North Chicago is soon to have a Methodist Mission. The Herman Sunday school is a model one.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mortimore, two weeks after marriage, tendered a brilliant reception to their friends at their residence in Evanston.

Miss Dottie Morehead, who has for some time past been forewoman of an extensive modiste establishment, now has a similar establishment of her own. The Freeman will say more about her later.

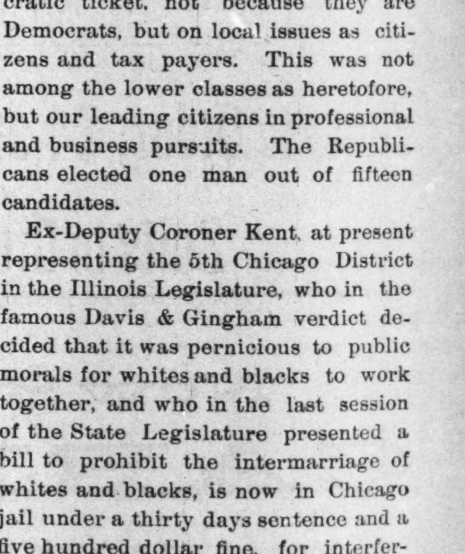
It is too bad our ministers can't agree, and that their troubles should get into public print.

The result of our county election has taught both the colored voters and some of the Republican leaders a lesson. The colored voter has learned that in local politics principle does not lie in the party's name, but in the man. The Republicans have realized the strength of the colored vote and he will be listened to hereafter. Colored voters of Chicago and Cook county for once voted the straight Democratic ticket, not because they are Democrats, but on local issues as citizens and tax payers. This was not among the lower classes as heretofore, but our leading citizens in professional and business pursuits. The Republicans elected one man out of fifteen candidates.

Ex-Deputy Coroner Kent, at present representing the 5th Chicago District in the Illinois Legislature, who in the famous Davis & Gingham verdict decided that it was pernicious to public morals for whites and blacks to work together, and who in the last session of the State Legislature presented a bill to prohibit the intermarriage of whites and blacks, is now in Chicago jail under a thirty days sentence and a five hundred dollar fine, for interfering with some of the State's rigid election laws. If the days were years and the dollars thousands how much better it would be.

MISS SALLIE A. WILSON.

A recent graduate of Rust University, Holly Springs, Miss.



THE NEGROES COMING TOGETHER AT LAST.

If we had put our heads together long ago, we would have been a great deal better off.

SUCH IS COURTSHIP.

Mr. Allsmiles: I am afraid you are getting tired of my conversation.
Miss Takeitin: No indeed; you are quite an amusement.

THE BALTIMORE LETTER.

A Brilliant Wedding—Grand Catholic Celebration—The Navassa Rioters in Court—Monumental Literary—Personals.

Baltimore, Md., Special to The Freeman.

Ames Chapel was crowded to its utmost capacity on Tuesday afternoon. The occasion was the brilliant wedding of Rev. Matthew M. Clair and Miss Fannie M. Walker, the accomplished daughter of Rev. P. G. Walker, a well known and popular divine of the M. E. Church. At 4 o'clock sharp the bridal party, headed by the bride leaning on the arm of her father, entered the church, followed by the bridesmaids and their escorts. The bridesmaids were Misses Annie May Butler, Mamie Houston, Ida R. Cumming and Mary Bordley. The bride was attired in old rose silk and looked extremely handsome. The groom dressed in the conventional black, presented a manly and dignified appearance. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. G. Keg, the uncle of the bride. He was assisted by Rev. Goucher. The bridal party accompanied by the bridesmaids and a few friends, left for Washington early in the evening to attend a reception tendered to the party by Miss Annie V. Ryder, of Washington. The bride and groom will visit relatives in Alexandria and from there they will go to Harper's Ferry, which will be their future home.

All who are interested in the growth and development of Catholicism in America turned their eyes with pleasure to the scenes and incidents which happened in Baltimore last week. It was the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the establishment of Catholicism in this country. The city was crowded with distinguished Bishops, Archbishops and priests. The Cathedral was handsomely decorated and from Sunday morning until the last hours of the celebration this church was the object of interest. The torchlight procession on Tuesday evening was magnificent. Twenty-five thousand persons were in line, each bearing a torch. The scene was truly a grand one and much credit is reflected upon those who were instrumental in working it up. The celebration was a convincing evidence that the spread of Catholic doctrine in this country is indeed wonderful. The consideration which that church pays to the work among the colored people has had the effect of drawing large numbers of them into its folds. It is indeed an example to all other denominations.

The Navassa rioters are attracting more attention in the city than any other thing. The beginning of the legal proceedings was the issuing and hearing of a writ of habeas corpus in the case of Henry Jones, the alleged ringleader in the riot. E. J. Waring was counsel for Jones, and after an argument of several hours the Court, Judges Bond and Morris presiding, decided that there was sufficient authority to hold the petitioner and the writ was dismissed. The cases of these men, who have been indicted by the Grand Jury, will begin on Wednesday. The acquittal of some is looked for while some will undoubtedly be convicted on the confessions of some of their companions. Archibald Stirling, Jr., and Joseph S. Davis are counsel for the majority of the men. Several have been acquitted after a preliminary hearing.

The Monumental Literary met on Tuesday evening. A paper was read by Mrs. Thomas. The paper was interesting and instructive and reflected much credit on the reader.

R. G. Still, Esq., of Philadelphia, passed through the city from the South last week. He was the guest of Lawyer Cummings.

J. W. Adams, Jr., has gone to New York City to rest after his laborious efforts during the recent campaign.

Jos. S. Davis, Esq., will deliver a lecture shortly before the Toussaint L'Overture Literary.

William Cook, the accomplished violinist, until recently a student in Berlin, was in the city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Davis.

Mr. Chas. A. Galamison and Miss Katie Madden were married on Thursday, Oct. 31, by Rev. Dr. Norris, of Trinity A. M. E. Church. The ceremony was performed at the parsonage.

There are many colored artists (of fair hue) who are playing with white companies. They of course pass for white. One who has lately come under our notice is a lady travelling with Rice's "Evangeline" Co.

Sam Lucas, wife and child, are playing Kohl, Middleton & Co's circuit in Minnesota. Sam seems to be just as popular as ever.

Miss Ella B. Spencer, of New York, will in the near future present "East Lynne at Dramatic Hall, Providence, R. I. B. L. Lightfoot will be leading man and her representative, and will commence training the company next week.

Miss Flora Batson will make her second appearance at the Los Angelos Theater (Cal.) on the 29th.

Mr. Wm. Everett, of Providence, R. I., has lately commenced a course vocal lessons under the tutelage of Mrs. Ada Byron Coombs. He has a very good baritone voice, and with careful attention to cultivation, bids fair to become a singer of much prominence.

Miss Ella Wormley, of Washington, D. C., who made her debut as an elocutionist last March, will give a recital at the Baptist church, Washington, on the 27th inst. Miss Wormley is one of the few elocutionists of color who has money behind her, as well as as a considdrable amount of talent and should make a success in her selected profession.

Thinking of elocutionists causes me to write a few lines about some of them who have come under our notice, and to inform our readers of the cause of some of their failures, and successes, and what they depend on for the latter. The first that we may speak of is Miss Henrietta Vinton Davis, of Washington, who we cannot say has been a decided success, and yet when she started out, some of Washington's best people had endorsed her. But she went upon the boards before she was capable, and appeared in cities where there are some of the mosi captious critics. They saw her, and being so highly endorsed, she fell far below their idea and when she returned to them the second time, why her former appearance had cooled their animation to see or hear her. And yet to-day, as an elocutionist, reader and actress, Miss Davis is one of the best amongst the race.

Miss Hallie Q. Brown, who has been in the field for years is a success from a true point of merit.

Miss Ednorah Nahar is a success partly from her society standing, being identified with a family which is probably known from Maine to California she managed to be entertained by the leader in each city she visits, and as is natural on the evening of an entertainment they come out en masse. I do not wish to convey the idea that Miss Nahar has no talent, for she has, but one who has a deep knowledge of the methods of elocution will notice in her more from the instruction of an able teacher than from the hands of nature. Her gestures, her posing, her emphasis and all, with the single exception of her getting on and off the stage, show it.

Why Thos. Scottron was not a success is more than I am prepared to say. Only in some of his selections he used to adopt the method of the old school.

B. F. Lightfoot studied three methods of elocution and dramatic art, respectively. The Forbes, Murdock's and Delsarte, and to day makes a fair living as an elocutionist and tragedian.

John A. Arneax, of New York was a failure as an actor for the reason that he generally selected a character that he was no more fitted for than the minstrel man is for tragedy, for instance: "Richard III," "Macbeth," etc. But I remember seeing him once as Iago in "Othello" and he was my ideal. He played the wily villain with such effect that it would make one feel at times as if they would like to take him by the throat and strangle him. As Richard he would do some of the most absurd things. For instance, go on the battle field with a twisted moustache.

Hurle Brevedo is simply a would-be. He has no memory, method, in fact nothing but fine costumes.

There are many others whom we may find occasion to speak of sometime in the near future.

On Wednesday evening of last week the choirs of A. M. E. Bethel, A. M. E. Zion, Ebenezer Baptist churches, (Providence, R. I.,) gave what was known as a Union Concert at the Emmett Guards Hall. Corydon St. Baptist choir was to have taken part, but for some reason or other, did not. At 8 o'clock the hall was well filled, and before the time of the opening of the concert, many people were standing in the aisles unable to get seats. The concert opened with a piano solo by Misses Grace Johnston and Etta Bell which was well rendered. The next was the rendering of the "Belfry Tower" by the full chorus. Bethel choir then sang "Star of descending night" without effect. Ebenezer chorus rendition of "Great and marvellous" was no better, but when Zion church had gotten through with the "Medley Quartette" by White, the house thundered with applause and they were compelled to respond to an encore. There were six more numbers which call for very little mention except the the last full chorus, which was exceedingly well rendered, the harmony being very evenly balanced. Miss Dora West, alto, and Miss Cora Vinton, soprano, deserve special notice for their well rendering of solo parts in chorusses. Mr. Mark Morris as musical director, Mr. Mark Walter as general manager and leader of the popular choir, Mr. Robert Brown, leader of Bethel, and Mr. Eaton of Ebenezer, all deserve great credit for their untiring efforts to make this the first affair of its kind in this city, a success, which end was met. The editor of this column returns thanks for courtesies shown him.

Last week I had the pleasure of seeing the Virginie Rosebud, and as an imitator of animals and birds he is unsurpassed, and under the control of some energetic manager would make a great hit.

Millie Christine will remain in New Orleans for an indefinite period.

Miss Maggie Webb, the California Nightingale made a hit at Zipp's Casino, Brooklyn, last week.

Tom McIntosh is playing in Wisconsin.

Sig. Salvini will be seen in Providence at the opera house two nights. Next Monday evening in "Othello," Wednesday evening in "Sampson." On Tuesday evening and Wednesday matinee, the young Salvini will be seen as the Italian priest in "A foregone conclusion." This will be Salvini's farewell to Providence.

TRAGE.

Bishop Joyce, like Abraham Lincoln, can speak with the greatest freedom, with his colored brethren, for hours, and never remind them by word or gesture that the one is white and the other black. Another thing we are glad to note is that he is not the only one of our bishops that has reached that degree of Christian perfection.—Southwestern advocate.

Gentlemen of the G. O. P. the Negro is of age. He is now thinking for himself, and you are respectfully informed that you must resort to fair treatment and political equality in dealing with him if you would retain his favor and his vote. Bloody shirt speeches won't do; give us a sqare deal.—The Methodist Union.

The mistake, that nine out of every ten writers on the "Negro problem" make, is that they do not consider that they have peers among the Afro-American in every quality that makes man noble. Integrity, culture and worth are no longer monopolized by any one race or color.—Plaindealer.

The Afro-American will not feel much concerned as to the turn things have taken in politics. They are beginning to see that their salvation lies in other than political fields.—Dispatch.

There is an editor in Missouri that has a head like a cider keg, and has published a newspaper for three years and has never had time to write a single editorial.—Optic.

Our local contemporary was boasting of its colored printers sometime ago, where are they now Brer Christy?

The demand of this age is brain, and it is of small consequence what color the skin is.—The School Bulletin.

President Harrison is still doing fast. When he hears from Ohio he will do it faster.—Conservator.

There is a little church at Benita, Africa where on Sunday mornings a number of boys and girls are to be seen with slates in their hands, taking notes of the sermon, and some of the elder ones copy their notes on paper and give them to other native Christians, that they may use them at meetings they hold in towns near.

The Rev. John Hector, who is known as the "Black Knight" is an ardent temperance worker, and a pleasing speaker, his addresses being freely interspersed with pathos and humor. In a recent speech at Minneapolis he paid a high tribute to Harriet Beecher Stowe as having touched the first cord of sympathy in the black man of the South.

Rev. L. G. Jordan, th Prohibition orator of Illinois, has se red the services of a first class Jubi e troupe to furnish music for his ctures. His subjects are: "Why Pro bit the Liquor Traffic and How?" "The Needs of the Negro of the South and "The Negro, What He Was an What He Is."

Colored church organ ations owe it to their people to as st them in economizing their mean husbanding their gatherings and using their moneys. We often look t sufferers, self-abused and povert ridden, and sorrowfully say: "They are wasting away; they are throwin away their moneys in rum."—Chris an Recorder.

The more practical th sermon, the better adapted to the de ands of the hour. People are more nd more attracted by the sermons at are simple and plain, so much s that even a little child can understan —Ex.

Both the Rev, Jasper, Richmond, and the rector of the ro-American Episcopal church refuse to sign an address to the Afro-Ame cans of the city to support Mahone.

CALIFORNIA EXC RIONS.

Something new! Pu an Tourist Sleeping cars on second lass tickets. The trip can now be ma e more comfortably than ever befor If you contemplate a trip to the Pa fic coast this fall or winter write at o e for circulars, maps, etc., giving ull information about the "Santa F Route" and their Popular Weekly Excursions. Persons purchasing eith one way or round trip tickets, can n these excursions. Address

F. T. ENDRY,
Passenger agt. A. T. & S. Fe R. R.,
No. 10 Jackson Place, In anaplis, Ind.

Another Charg

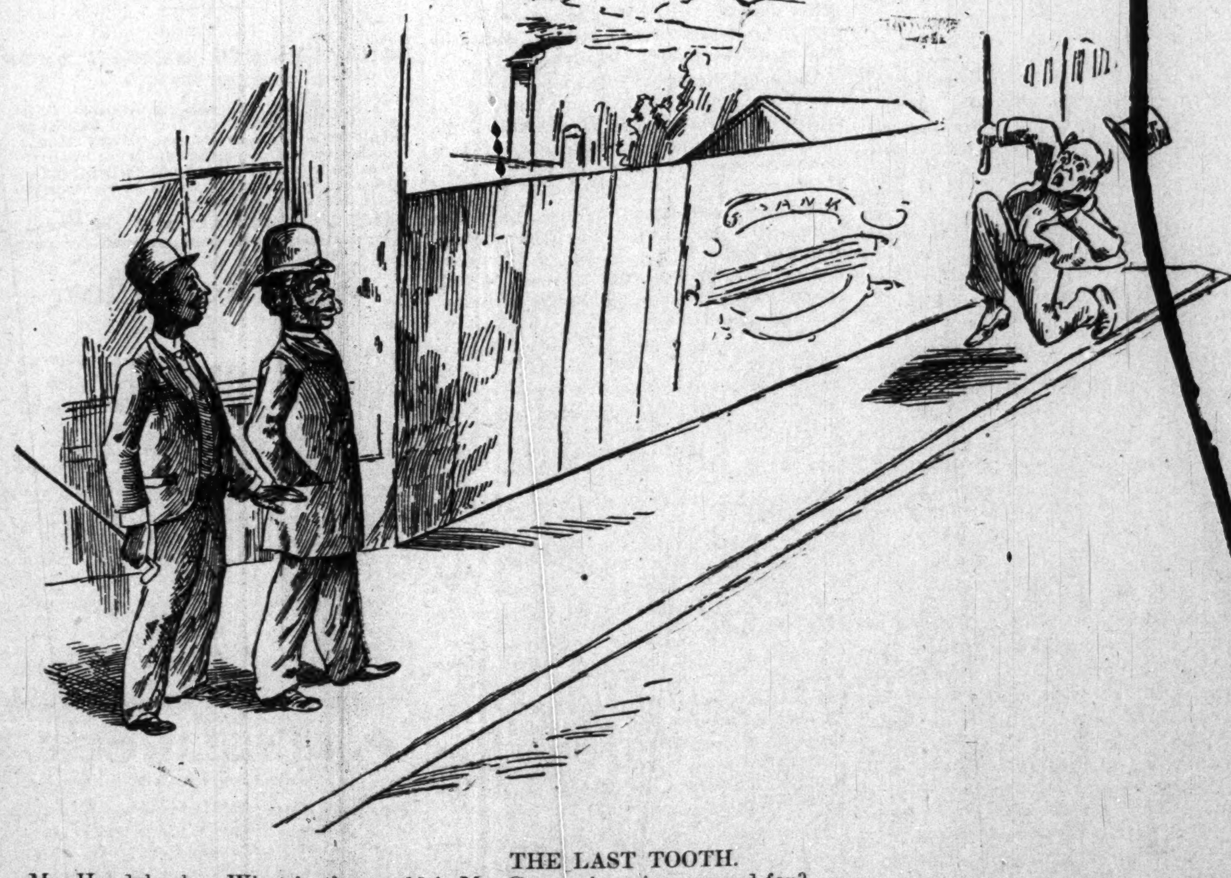
We were talking ab t the war, when a one-armed man ame up and seemed especially int ested. The Major sized him up for a old trooper. and finally queried:

"My friend, perhaps ou lost that arm in the ch rge Trevillion Station?"

"Oh, no, sir. It was and her charge," replied the man.

"Where?"

"Down in a town in M souri, about five years ago. I charge a man with being a liar, and he c my arm off with a corn knife."



THE LAST TOOTH.

Mr. Handcheck: What in the world is Mr. Cavort jumping around for?
Mr. Eucradeck: I heard he was cutting a tooth.
Mr. Handcheck: What; at that age?
Mr. Eucradeck: Yes; its his wisdom tooth.

LOCAL NEWS.

Rev. J. W. Carr has returned to his charge.

Miss Tina Steel, after a few weeks illness, is convalescent.

The Corinthian Baptist Church is now carrying on a revival.

Mr. J. Bradshaw, of the Brotherhood Band, is seriously ill.

Literary at the Bethel, with a good programme, next Monday evening.

Presiding Elder H. H. Thompson was in the city a few days this week.

The Douglas and Allen Chapel Literaries had good meetings this week.

"Past the Age," the colored dramatic company, after a brief rest, is on the road again.

When The Freeman is not delivered promptly please notify this office of the same.

Mr. James Frey got a $50 judgment against Officer Beam last week for assaulting him.

Rev. T. J. Manson, who was called to Knoxville last week by the death of his sister, has returned.

There was organized last Wednesday evening a literary society at the new Bethel Baptist Church.

Mr. Luke Burris, who has a grocery in the "East End," would like for all of his friends to give him a call.

The Second Regiment, Company M, of Indiana Legion, gave a grand hop at Lyra Hall last Tuesday evening.

Mr. Morris White has returned from Knightstown, and can now be found at Mr. Wm. Miller's, North Illinois street.

Mrs. Ellen C. Wright, of 600 North Illinois street, who has been very ill for quite a while, is improving slowly.

We go to press too early to get the report of the oratorical contest last Friady evening, but will do so in our next.

The young men and women will be royally entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Allen on Thanksgiving evening at their residence.

A "Kentucky oyster supper" was given at the residence of Mrs. Josie Herron last Thursday evening. Enjoyment prevailed.

The U. B. F. (No. 22) and S. M. T. (No. 24) will give a grand entertainment at Lyra Hall, Nov. 15. All are cordially invited to attend.

Rev. Chas. Williams is back to his business once more after having served on the jury in Judge Howland's court for nearly two months.

Mr. N. Davis, who has a restaurant at 171 Indiana avenue, is capable of furnishing you with any and all kinds of goods suitable for the season. Call and see for yourself.

Mr. G. L. Jones has purchased the entire stock of groceries formerly owned by Warnack & Jones and will continue the business at the old stand, 54 Howard st. He deserves a liberal patronage.

The Harrison Literary Society was reorganized last Friday evening, with a large audience in attendance and with very flattering prospects. Much astonishment was expressed at the resignation of Mr. W. Allison Sweeney, its founder and president.

TO THE LADIES OF INDIANAPOLIS.

I am now prepared to send an agent to your city within a week fully prepared to give treatment for the hair under my French System of Hair Improvement. All ladies wishing to make arrangement for that date can consult Mrs. Arilla Knox, No, 118 N. Tenn. st. REBECCA E. ELLIOTT,
tf Hair Culturist.

The Hand I Love.

That hand of thine! that hand of thine!
Reproach me not that still I pine
And long my loving grasp to twine
Around that darling hand of thine.

Fair ones there were all around that night,
And as of two I caught a sight,
I bet my pile—I thought I might—
I held a full, you, four, that night.

The prairie chicken will follow the b falo and the Indian and disappear fo ver from the face of the earth. The e er sportsman has decreed it, and th game laws are of no avail. We ha e got to be content with beef and ca ed oysters.—N. Y. World.

WESTERN LIFE.

Something New About the Wonderful City of the Mormons.

A Railroad to the Snow Capped Summit of Pike's Peak--Young Men Who Drift to the West and are Lost--The Frisky Jack Rabbit.

Sober Truth About Salt Lake.

Some of the writers who have made glowing descriptions of Salt Lake, says a letter to the Philadelphia Ledger, have lingered long in telling about the streams of sparkling mountain water that roll and babble along the edges of the streets, nourishing the trees and grass and imparting coolness and freshness to the atmosphere. The accounts may have been true when they were written. They could not be repeated now with any regard for the truth. It is true that the water from the mountains, taken from City creek, does flow through the streets.

It is carried in little ditches, about two feet wide, planked at the sides, the planks being stayed up by cleats nailed across at intervals of six feet or more. When the water supply is abundant, as it is now, these ditches may not be nuisances. It is difficult to imagine the flow of water to be so strong as to rid these little "catch alls" from refuse of all kinds that is thrown into them, that is blown in by the wind, that accumulates wherever building is going on, that gets into them in the many different ways that dirt will collect in gutters.

Instead of "babbling" through these open sewers, the water now runs in a stream so thin as to be insufficient to carry away even the bits of paper that litter them. It is a mere trickling rill, and sometimes an infragrant one. The great canal through the center of North Temple street, intended to carry off the excess of water in City creek, is dusty and dry, and in places hidden from sight by dead brush and grass. Off the main street the little rivulets in the side ditches are lost to sight under mats of grass that have never been cut or trimmed. While most of the shade trees are in fair condition, there are many dead ones that with a watchful and tasteful city government would be replaced by young trees.

When you have praised the broad streets and the miles and miles of shade trees that are the outcome of Brigham Young's foresight, and have admitted that nature never furnished a more beautiful setting for any city than it has for Salt Lake, you h ve said almost all that can be said for the city as it is. There is one little green spot within the high cement wall that incloses the block occupied by the tabernacle, the assembly hall and the unfinished temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. But it has every appearance of recent growth; the trees are all saplings, and one cannot help thinking that this suggestion of taste for the beautiful has been from one permitted expression since the death of the greatest man the church has produced.

If you climb the hill and walk along the road that Brigham built early in the settlement of the city to enable his followers to get into the canons for firewood, and you pass under the curious four-legged arch, with a huge eagle resting with outspread wings upon the keystone, you are told that here under the arch, Brigham took toll of each of his fuel-hunting followers, until he had recovered the money expended in making the mountain highway. Then he removed the tolls, leaving the toll-gate and its eagle to recall the story of early vicissitudes and his own enterprise.

A Railroad to Pike's Peak.

While in Kansas City recently the contractor who is building the railroad to the lofty highth of Pike's Peak said: "We commenced at the top of the mountain first, for the reason that we thought we could finish the three miles above timber line before winter set in. The government has very kindly rented us one or two buildings usually devoted to the uses of the signal service corps station on the peak, and id these we manage to keep our 300 men very comfortably. Of course, where we are now at work is away up among the clouds, and it is right annoying to run against a transcient rain or snow storm every few hours. There hasn't been a day passed since we began work but that we had either a rain, snow, or sleet storm, and frequently the clouds hover about so thick that we can't recognize each other fifteen feet apart. The road we are building is owned by the presidents of several Western railway systems, and when completed will touch the highest point of any road in the world. The summit depot will be right at the flagstaff. The grade is an enormous one, being twenty-five feet to the 100, or a one-fourth pitch, the heaviest on record. The plan of construction is similar to that of the White Mountain road in New Hampshire. The company that is building the road expected to have it in operation by July 4, 1890." The road will be thirteen miles long.

Victims of Misfortune.

There are hundreds of young men in the cities of the west who left good homes in the east and not meeting the success which they anticipated have become lost to their parents. They have drifted into ways concerning which they would not care to have known at the old home and have gradually become buried in the great mass of the unknown which is found in every large city. The parents may be wealthy and of good position, but the boy is proud and will not go back when the tide of misfortune sets in upon him. He does not write and the mother becomes alarmed. She does not know what to do, but at last writes, perhaps, to the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association: "Do you know my boy? Can't you look him up and take good care of him?"

It is touching, says the Kansas City Journal, to read the many letters Mr. Hansel receives from eastern mothers relative to their lost boys, and if any part of the association's work is religiously and cheerfully done, this is it.

One day last week Mr. Hansel received a letter from a wealthy Englishman, of London, asking about his boy who came to Kansas City five years ago, and has not been heard from since. The association looked for several days, and finally found in a low gambling den what was once a fine and polished young Englishman. Another letter was from a clergyman. The son of one of his parishoners was last in Kansas City, and his parents wanted information. The young man was found in a small printing office barely ekeing out an existence, with mind shattered and friends gone. There are many other such cases which the association helps, and, if the organization exists for anything, it is this, and just that is being done.

The Sportive Jack Rabbit.

The fact is, it is no easy matter to capture a live jack rabbit. Plenty of people say they can catch them, and think they can catch them, says a Kansas letter to the N. Y. Star, but when it comes right down to business the results do not warrant the assertion. One vehement Colorado citizen who lived in a section where the jack rabbits fairly swarmed has repeatedly declared his ability to capture 1,000 jacks in a week. He thought he could take a number of men and some long nets and make a dive which would round up about an acre of writhing, seething jack rabbits at a whirl. His project is not new and has been tried. The result usually is that the big hares either get away or get killed. Eastern parties desirous of starting coursing parks have had outstanding offers of $5 apiece for jack rabbits not any longer than your hand, but they were unable to get any. A few young ones are occasionally picked up in nests by boys or by hunters upon the western plains, and once in a long while one is caught in a big "figure 4" trap or "fall door" trap, although the latter does not often happen, because of the brightness and shyness of this particular kind of rabbit. Neither of these sources of supply, however, is in any way constant, and both are altogether inadequate to the exigencies of regular coursing events. It did not take long, therefore, for the projectors of an inclosed coursing circuit to realize that they must have a jack rabbit farm. The only farm of this sort, so far as known, is situated on a flat alkali section near a town in central Kansas. It and its jack rabbits are the property of a coursing association which will not sell a rabbit to any one else, and which depends on its farm for the supply of hares taken to other cities in park coursing events.

A Talkative Parrot in a Car.

"Ah, there, baby!" screamed the parrot hid behind a paper which Willie had placed over the cage, in a New York street car.

The old maid looked startled, says the Philadelphia North American, and a grin appeared on the faces of several of the other passengers.

"Oh, mamma!" croaked the bird.

The old maid glared at each passenger, highly indignant.

"Where did you get that hat, I'd like to know?" went on the irrepressible bird.

The clerical passenger looked up in alarm and then felt his hat in hasty confusion. Every one noted the action and a ripple of suppressed laughter went over the car.

"Ah, there, whiskers!"

The clerical man leaped to his feet and frowned at a smooth-faced young man near the front.

"I won't be insulted," he cried.

"Ding, ding; two more fares out of the company's pockets."

The conductor flushed and hastened into the car from the back platform.

"Who said that?" he demanded.

Willie looked as demure as an angel.

"Johnny, get your hair cut."

An old man with long hair made a precipitate departure from the car.

At Broad street Willie lifted the paper, grabbed the cage, and got off the car.

Then the passengers tumbled.

How to Have Beautiful Hair.

Now about your hair, says Bab, in a late letter: its gloss is gone; it looks dirty; very well, then, what it needs first of all is a good shampooing with warm water and brown soap gotten from the kitchen. You only need enough soap to make a good lather, but no other is as really desirable as this, which seems to cut the dirt, and being washed out immediately by the hot water, it does not injure the hair. Have your hair fanned until it is dry, or else go about with it loose, but do not under any circumstances put it up while it is damp, for if you do it will have for days an abominable mouldy smell. To get back its gloss you will need to cultivate the muscles of your arm; brush it for fifteen minutes every night and morning, giving it long sweeping strokes, and having a brush the bristles of which, while they are long and close together, are yet not stiff enough to hurt your head. It is a matter of small importance about the brains, but when it comes to brushing the hair you need not bang your head as if you thought it was made of wood. That sort of treatment will never give it the beautiful gloss, the beautiful natural gloss, that announces to the world at large that not a particle of dye has been used upon it in making it blonde or brown. Entre nous, the brushing of your fair locks in the way described will develop not only your arms but your bust.

Keep Out of Debt.

Every man who would get along in the world should, as far as possible, avoid debt. From the very outset of his career he should sternly resolve to live within his income, however paltry it may be. The art of living easily as to money, is very simple—pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. All the world's wisdom on this subject is most tersely epitomized in the words of Dickens's Micawber "Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds and six; result, misery." Many a man dates his downfall from the time he began going in debt.

WINGED MISSILES.

An excellent quality of brown paper can be produced from peat fiber.

Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, is about to set out for the North Pole.

A Pittston, Pa., clothier announces a "great Johnstown flood sale of fine clothing."

Talleyrand laid great stress on a knowledge of whist as indispensable to a happy old age.

It's strange that more men don't die of alternately heating and freezing their stomachs."

A ten-foot rattlesnake was killed by Captain Frank Myatt, of Charlestown, S. C., the other day.

Gen. Boulanger is still issuing manifestoes. But his pen is not a whit mightier than his sword.

Vital statistics continue to show a steady decline in the number of births in France from year to year.

Say what you please, there is a great deal of chivalry and there is a great deal of magnanimity even in politics.

The mummy market is now so overstocked that lovers of the antique can obtain specimens for less than $100.

Ben Butler's book will renew the fight with his old enemies. He will undertake to embalm them in profane history.

The English royal hounds will be abolished after next season, and the hunting establishments at Ascot broken up.

Buffalo Bill and Rosa Bonheur have become great friends. The former is taking lessons in oils from the great artist.

Since Cardinal Manning effected a settlement of the London dockers' strike he is spoken of as the "Grand old Manning."

Mr. Duthie, botanical director for northern India, advocates the use of the flowers of the Calligonum for food in northwestern India.

The California grape crop will be dried and made into brandy chiefly, the supply of wine being already greater than the demand.

The man who said "Give me neither riches nor poverty," did not live in this age. Men were formerly easier satisfied than now.

The new dock at Halifax was subsidized by the city of Halifax, and the Canadian and British governments, to the merry tune of $600,000.

Southern orators tend to the florid style. Their speeches are pleasant to hear and poor to read. This is a fact but they will not admit it.

England sends word that Mary Anderson is almost entirely well again. Her cheeks are said to be rosy and her form is becoming plump and round.

Boston does not grow rapidly. It only claims a population of 415,000. But Boston holds that it is brains and not vast numbers that make a city.

The death of Eliza Cook has called "The Old Arm Chair" to the front again. It is one of the good old domestic poems that should not be allowed to die.

When Gladstone went to Paris he did not use the hotel elevator but sprang nimbly up the stairs. Age frequently wants others to believe that it is youthful.

Learning is not always the pathway to a living. A former teacher of Latin in one of the high schools in Indiana is now driving a dirt car in Wichita.

Violet Cameron, once an acquaintance of Lord Lonsdale, is in London trying to earn a living as a concert-hall star. Violet has become a "little faded flower."

The Scotch system of admitting voluntary patients into lunatic asylums is said to work very satisfactorily. Last year the number of such patients was fifty-five.

Late advices from Mexico are to the effect that the state of Chihuahua is financially embarrassed. A great many people elsewhere are in a chronic state of Chihuahua.

John Connor, of Sault Ste. Marie has a cat which has seven legs and eight paws, with one head, three distinct jaws, and to complete the combination it has two tails.

John Brennan, an inmate of the poorhouse at Shamokin, Pa., has been officially advised that his sister, Mrs. John Carson, died recently in San Francisco and left him $2,000,000.

The range of the Mannlicher rifle was proved again in a startling manner when an Austrian soldier was killed by one at target practice at a reputed range of over two miles and a half.

On what a slender thread an argument may be based. St. Louis is claiming that it ought to have the World's Fair because it already has a monument erected to the memory of Columbus.

John Jones, a Norristown hunter, has shot with a small rifle an owl-shaped bird of bright yellow and white tints, with a face like a monkey and an ink mark on its breast resembling a heart.

The phylloxera has attacked the Grecian currant, Greece's great staple, threatening grave disaster to Greek finance, as the export duty on the currant is one of the most important elements in the revenue.

And speaking of the Priests of Pallas parade the young man and the maiden, the middle aged, the babes in arms, and the "mothers in Israel" were all there to see the gorgeous spectacular pageant.—K. C. Star.

The value to Scotland of the opportunities for sports is very large. The deer forests, of which there are 109, covering 3,000 square miles of land useless for agriculture, rent for £100,000 annually; £12,500 of this goes to the local taxes.

Professor Lexis, of the University of Gottingen, has published a work in which he proves by statistics that the German universities have twice as many students as can possibly hope to make a living by the respective professions for which they are preparing.

There are forty-eight zoological gardens in the world, six of them being in the United States, located as follows: Philadelphia, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco. These institutions are supported by the cities or by local enterprise.

From the British board of trade returns it appears that every few days throughout the year a vessel carrying the British flag leaves port never more to be heard of. In the year ending June, 1888, the number of vessels under the British flag to which accidents happened of various kinds was 7,724, involving the loss of 2,534 lives.

Byron Island, one of the Magdalen group on the Canadian coast, is still held by a feudal tenure. The ancestor of one Captain Coffin received by royal favor in the early times, when little value attached to the gift, a title to the whole domain. The landlord lives abroad and manages his estate by a resident agent. The rents are small and often uncollectable.

HE HAD PERMUTED.

How Red Tape is Measured in Military Life.

Busy men, accustomed to do business in a brisk common-sense fashion, find official red tape so vexatious that it is no wonder they invent stories to make it ridiculous, says the Youth's Companion. The French have one of these, which is perhaps as good as any. When Napoleon III., was emperor, so the narrative runs, he sat one day at Longchamps, sleepily reviewing his army. Regiment after regiment passed, but nothing seemed to stir the emperor from his lethargy. At last, however, as a regiment of dragoons rode by he suddenly fixed his attention upon the front rank.

"What is that lancer doing there among the dragoons?" he asked his chief of staff.

The chief of staff looked at the lancer, and galloped away to the division commander, while the emperor sank back into his customary impassiveness.

"The emperor demands to know why that lancer is among the dragoons?"

The general looked shocked, and called sharply to the colonel of the regiment:

"Colonel, what have you got that lancer among your men for?"

The colonel was dumbfounded, and appealed to the commandant of the squadron:

What's that lancer doing here?"

"I don't know, sir," exclaimed the commandant of the squadron; and he called the captain.

"Look here, captain, why have you got that rascally lancer in your company?"

The captain pleaded ignorance. "I'll ask the lieutenant," he said.

By this time the inquiries began to be garnished with oaths and abuse. The lieutenant, apparently surprised beyond expression at the presence of the l ncer, hurled questions and imprecations all at once at the head of the orderly sergeant.

"What in the world is that lancer here for?"

Then the orderly sergeant rode up to the l ncer himself, as if he were about to cut him through to his saddle.

"You villian! What are you doing here among the dragoons? The emperor is after you. You'll be shot at the very least."

"But, sergeant," the soldier stammered, "you know I've permuted, sir!"

Permuted in the army means transfer, by authority, from one corps to another.

"Permuted, eh?" said the sergeant. "Well, that won't help you now."

The orderly sergeant went to the lieutenant with the report that the man had permuted; the lieutenant told the captain, and the captain the commandant of the squadron, and the commandant of the squadron the colonel, and the colonel the general, and the general the chief of staff came to the emperor.

"Sire," he began, "the lancer has permuted."

"What lancer?"

"The lancer whom your majesty noted among the dragoons."

"Oh, yes! He's permuted, eh!" said the emperor, sleepily. "Well, he looked like a good man. Let him have a medal!"

The Middle of the Train Best.

That was a keen observer who exclaimed as he clambered out of a wreck that he would not ride hereafter at either end of a railroad train. The middle cars are always the safest. They do not receive a destructive blow from either a front or rear collision; if the engine leaves the track they usually remain in place and they are never snapped off, as the rear car sometimes is. Almost the only case in which the middle cars suffer is when they are thrown off the track by the breaking of a coupling or of some part of the running gear, and that is as likely to happen to one part of the train as another.—Phila. Enq.

Dr. Wesley Robbins,

OFFICE—65 Indiana Avenue.

Chronic diseases treated wit electricity. Office hours, 8 to 10 am. 2 to 4 pm. 7 to 9 pm. Telephone 1699.

THE PALACE.

The Finest

EQUAL RIGHTS BARBER SHOP

IN THE STATE,

And the only one with bath tubs. It is adorned by a perfect outfit of new furniture of all modern improvements. Everything is conducted in first-class style. None but first-class workmen are employed. When you desire a SHAVE, HAIR CUT or BATH, we respectfully invi e you to call at

35 Kentucky Ave.

Fred Schrader,

Dealer in

BOOTS and SHOES.

65 West Washington St.

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PENSIONS.

New Laws, New Rulings. Every soldier or soldier's widow should send to the Old Established Claim Agen y of P. H FITZGERALD and g t h|s 12 page p mph et on War Claims, mailed free. No. 78½ Ea t Market St. P. H. FITZGERALD

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Colored Artists Wanted

In order to know who, where and what our colored artists are. We invite correspondence with them. Write to THE FREEMAN at once. Send specimens of your work.

THE FREEMAN

ILLUSTRATED

A National Colored Newspaper and the only pictorial colored journal published in the United States. As a bold and fearless champion of the Negro race it has no equal. It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people.

READ WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

THE BEST NEGRO PAPER.

So far as we are acquainted with colored journalism, the best paper published in the interests of the colored people is The Freeman of this city. No other paper is doing as good work in the special field indicated. Its advocacy of the interests of the colored people is able and dignified, and its illustrated sketches of th colored literary men and women are exceedingly well conceived and executed,—Indianapolis Journal.

A GROWING PAPER.

The Freeman, a paper conducted in this city by Edward E. Cooper, in the interests of the colored race, has grown to be a creditable journal. It is illus rated each week, well printed, and is well conducted editorially.—Indianapolis News.

IT MUST BE SEEN.

The Freeman of this city is the ablest newspaper in the Uni ed States published by colored men. The paper itself is proof of this statement,—Sun.

The Washington Bee, one of the ablest colored newspapers published says of us: Editor Cooper, of the Indianapolis "Freeman," is the most enterprising Negro Journalist in the country.

The "Freeman" is a necessity.

The National Leader; The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind., E. E. Cooper, manager is the only pictorial publisher in the country. Though in its infancy it has taken front rank in illustrates newspaperdom. We consider it the Harper's Weekly of the colored race.

The illustrated "Freeman" of Indianapolis, Ind., is to the colored people, what Frank Leslie is to the whites.—The Advocate, Leavenworth, Kan.

Brother Optic; The Freeman the only illustrat d Negro newspaper published, shoots straight at the mark, and fills a long felt need in Negro Jou nalism. It speaks its sentiments, regardless of friends, and asks for the recognition of the Negro—not as brutes but as American citizens. How can our leaders do without it?

One of our contemporaries kindly says; The Freeman is a new and long needed venture in Negro journalism, every department complete and ably managed, which demonstrates the fa t that we have men among us who possess the same marke tastes, traits and abilities which the white men have."

Another remarks; "The Freeman adds another brilliant star to Negro Journalism. Unlike the ordinary weekly journal, it is an illustrated paper, with strong editorials and fresh news that gives it a d cided advantage over the average weekly newspaper.

The Freeman, the only illustrated journal in America published by colored men, came to our desk this week, and is beyond all apprehension the neatest and best. Success to you Brother Cooper.—Leavenworth Advocate.

The Freeman is the only illustrated paper published by a colored man in the United States It is a credit to Edward E. Cooper, the talented editor and proprietor, and to his race. We commend it to our friends and patrons.—The Crusade.

It is one of the most instructive and interesting papers we have ever read.—Plain Speaker, South Carolina.

It is the best effort yet made in Negro journalism. It deserves a place around the fireside of every lover of the race.—The Vindicator.

The Freeman is a credit to journalism, and shows that we are rising.—The Herald, Va.,

The Freeman is, without a doubt, the most creditable journalistic effort yet put forth by the Negro. It is striking evidence and unmistakable proof of latent and undeveloped genius and innate ability lying dormant in the Negro race. It is the duty of every reading Negro to encourage and support, this most excellent paper.—Pine Bluff Hornet.

"It is a credit too and shows the advance the colored race is making in journalism," says another.

The position of The Freeman among the Negro journals is admirable and unique. The faithful portraiture and graphic sketches of noted colored men published weekly are gratifying in a high degree.—Southern News.

The Freeman is indeed the best and finest journal published by the Negro race, It contains cuts and biographical sketches of our prominent men and women, and portrays the colored race as it is.—Progress, Ala.

On the last page is always found a comic cut of some of the common discriminations practiced against the race. The paper is well edited, and a credit to the editor and the race.—The Corner stone.

Decidedly the best newsyaper in typographical makeup and mechanical arrangement published in this country is The Freeman, an illustrated independent journal issued every Saturday at Indianapolis, Ind. If our people desire a really good paper we advise them to subscribe to it. Among its contributors are many of the best Negro writers in this country.—Va, Lancet.

The Freeman is by far the best and ablest newspaper the colored people have ever had.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

As a Newspaper.

It gives a complete review of the doings of the colored people everywhere. It gives special attention to the worthy achievements and general progress of the race.

A Political Paper.

It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people. It will commend the good and condemn the bad in all parties. It believes in free speech, a free ballot and a fair count.

An Historical Paper.

It devotes unceasing research to the hitherto unpublished history of the Negro in this country and will from time to time print and illustrate the legends and romances of the Negro, written by colored authors.

A Literary Paper.

It keeps a pace with the educational and literary progress of the race. It will review all books and criticise all publications by colored men and women. It endeavors to encourage and create a demand for the works of colored authors

An Illustrated Paper.

It portrays the colored race as it is, and not as it is misrepresented by many of our white contemporaries. It will print from time to time cuts and sketches of our prominent men and women, and full contemporary happenings which relate to colored people.

A General Newspaper.

It is the peer of any in the land, and is brimful of spicy news each week. Particular attention will be given to the stage, the pulpit, the school room and workshop and the leading occupations and professions of the race.

An Advertising Medium.

It has no equal as an advertising medium, reaching as it does a class of people, not reached by the white papers. Rates can be had by application at our office.

Our Subscription Rates.

One year in advance	$2.40
6 months " "	$1.35
3 months " "	75c

All business should be addressed to THE FREEMAN, Edward E. Cooper, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Freeman Wants

Honest, active, intelligent agents in every city, town and hamlet in the U. S. Industrious young colored men and women can find lucrative employment by addressing THE FREEMAN. ☞ References required.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

We All Wear It Now, and More Yet of Us Will Before Long.

The business of manufacturing men's clothing is one of the leading industries of the United States. Those who haven't yet made their plunge into its growing vortex says the New York Sun, can form no adequate idea of its immensity or its scope. It is a gigantic "Puller in" of invisible arms, for, one after another, men who have not worn a ready-made coat since the last one bought by their mothers, are meekly walking into the great ready-making shops and buying their goods. That is because the goods are good, made with a degree of art that some years ago came from the shears of a custom tailor only.

Not the least remarkable of the modern methods of business is the generous and extensive methods of advertising. The clothing men have almost rivalled Barnum in the seductiveness of their advertisements, and, like Barnum, they have comprehended the value of newspaper advertising, and expended fabulous sums for making known to the public what they have for sale. In doing this they have of late years employed a good deal of literary and artistic talent that has succeeded in making the clothing advertisements readable. Every one has noticed the beautiful and artistic pictures that the clothing men have published in the past few years, and the artistic excellence that has marked some of them has led to a good deal of curiosity as to the name of the artists. The fact is, that some artists of acknowledged repute have been employed in making these designs who would dislike very much to have it known that they were so employed, but who have been unable to resist the temptation of generous remuneration that the clothing men have put forth.

The great wholesale houses flood the country with drummers and sell millions upon millions by samples. Some of them get up expensively illustrated catalogues.

The result of the new methods of business and sharp competition has undoubtedly been to enable people to dress better for less money year by year, so that to-day a man of moderate income wears clothes of greater variety, of more artistic construction, and of better materials than kings could wear a century ago.

A PUZZLE.

Curious Myths Concerning the Origin of Man's Helpmate.

Woman's first appearance has been a fruitful subject for the legend mongers. The Phœnician myth of creation is found in the story of Pygmalion and Galatea. There the first woman was carved by the first man out of ivory and then endowed with life by Aphrodite. The Greek theory of the creation of woman, according to Hesiod, was that Zeus, as a cruel jest, ordered vulcan to make woman out of clay, and induced the various gods and goddesses to invest the clay doll with all their worst qualities, the result being a lovely thing, with a witchery of mein, refined craft, eager passion, love of dress, treacherous manners, and shameless mind. The Scandinavians say that as Odin, Vill and Ve, the three sons of Bor, were walking along the sea beach they found two sticks of wood, one of ash and one of elm. Sitting down the gods shaped man and woman out of these sticks, whittling the woman from the elm and calling her Emia.

One of the strangest of stories touching the origin of woman is told by the Madagascarenes. In so far as the creation of man goes, the legend is not unlike that related by Moses, only that the fall came before Eve arrived. After the man had eaten the forbidden fruit he became afflicted with a boil on the leg, out of which, when it burst, came a beautiful girl. The man's first thought was to throw her to the pigs, but he was commanded by a voice from heaven to let her play among the diggings until she was of marriageable age, then to make her his wife. He did so, called her Baboura, and she became the mother of all races of men. The American Indian myths relative to Adam and Eve are numerous and entertaining. Some traditions trace back our first parents to white and red maize; another is that man, searching for a wife, was given the daughter of the king of muskrats, who, being dipped into the waters of a neighboring lake, became a woman.

A Fortune in a Kiss.

Through inadvertently kissing a pretty customer, George Winch, a butcher at Sidney, New South Wales, has come into a fortune. The girl objected to the attention, and had Winch taken up before the magistrates, who fined him. The local newspapers improved the occasion by preaching several leading articles on human depravity in general and the misconduct of George Winch in particular. He woke next morning and found himself famous, and it was then discovered, owing to the publicity given to his name, that he was a missing heir.

A Farmer's Thoughtfulness.

George Turk, an Illinois farmer, got stalled of a railroad crossing with a load of hay. He knew the express was due, and that it would not stop for anything less than a mountain. He therefore unhitched, touched a match to the hay, and when the train struck it there was a glorious Fourth of July strung along the track for five miles.

He was Partly Right.

Husband: "Confound these thin walls. Why, you can hear that disagreeable child next door whining and crying and the man in there is swearing at it like a trooper." Wife: "That's our Willie crying up-stairs." Husband (doggedly): "Well, there's a man in there swearing about it, anyway."—Life.

The indications are that "the man on horseback" in France is destined hereafter to limp very badly afoot.—Providence Journal.

LITTLE HELPS.

Good Housekeeping.

Clothes that have been sprinkled will not mildew for days, even in summer, if kept away from the fire.

Use a silver spoon when cooking mushrooms. The silver will be blackened if any injurious quality is present.

Air the house thoroughly every day, even "though the rain comes down in torrents, or the snow beats in in drifts."

Do not be deceived by agents who have a "superior furniture polish" for sale. Use linseed oil, there is nothing better.

Be ashamed to iron a limp shirt bosom! Men do not so much care for a polished shirt front as they do for a stiff one.

It is a good idea for a tall woman to have her kitchen table a little higher than ordinary. It will save many a backache.

Use great care in serving food for the table, as the smallest spatter of grease or gravy changes the appearance and spoils an otherwise pretty dish.

Glasses and dishes wipe to perfection when washed in very hot water. Use a dish-mop, soap-shaker and an iron dish-washer. These also expedite the labor, as very hot water can be used.

When decanters and carafes become so discolored inside that shot or fine coals will not cleanse them, fill the bottle with finely chopped potato skins, cork tightly and let the bottle stand for three days, when the skins will ferment. Turn and rinse. The bottle will he as bright and clean as when new.

A Motion to "Squash."

Ha'per's Mag zine for November.

Colonel M——, comonwealth's attorney for —— county, had unbounded influence over the presiding justice of the county court under the old system. B——, a young lawyer, had been retained to defend a prisoner, and discovering what he conceived to be a fatal defect in the indictment, submitted a motion to quash. He was proceeding to sustain his point as he could when the presiding justice, a fat old fellow, settled himself in his chair and fell asleep. The argument proceeded, and at its close "the 'Squire" roused up, and rubbing his eyes, said, "Squash'er."

Colonel M—— was on his feet in a moment, and inquired, with much asperity, "Do I understand this court as sustaining the motion to quash my indictment?"

"Oh! No, Kurnil," said the 'Squire. "I squashes the motion to squash."

LYRICS OF THE SEASON.

The Modern Annie Laurie.

"Her brow was like the snow drift,
Her neck was like the swan,
And her face it was the fairest
That o'er the sun shone on."
But she went to the beach for bathing,
And her fair complexion's spoiled;
Her cheeks are tanned and her nose is red
As a lobster when its boiled.

The End of Vacation.

Now breezes fresh our faces fan.
And glows less fierce the soler glare,
And flies are less audacious than
They were.

The heated term at last is o'er;
And 'neath sair Luna's silvery slight,
In hammocks maidens swing no more
At night.

The summer girl has left the shore,
Her ardor for flirtation cools,
For she's engaged; the dude no more
She fools.

All Things Have An End.

The tents are struck, the whisky jugs and flasks are thrown away,
And the boys are in the city, and at work again to-day,
The russet shoes are taken off by maidens trim and neat,
And they no longer seem to care to show their pretty feet.
No longer at the hop the maid doth through the mazy dances whirl,
The summer girl's no fairer now than any other girl.
This is the course of human life; to change we all must bend,
And everything that's good or bad in time comes to an end.

Our Western farmers will be glad to learn that there is in Europe a decided tendency to increase the consumption of corn for food of men and beasts. The wonder is that this increase has not come sooner. Corn is still so far as Europe is concerned, a good deal what oats once were, as Dr. Johnson defined them: "Food for men in Scotland and for horses in England." But if the people once give corn a fair trial they will surely take more kindly to it. With anything like common use for human food, the price of corn in this country would increase. At present it is so low that farmers get poor on big crops. The yield this year is enormous, and there is little prospect for better prices except or greater consumption.

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

Dr. Talmage very fitly characterizes the late Congressman Cox as "a typical American." He believed his own country to be the best in the world, that is to say, and omitted no opportunity to declare its greatness and to picture its possibilities of future growth in power, influence and excellence. His political philosophy was at once both logical and cheerful. He looked on the bright side, which is always the best side; and his countrymen will long remember his fine service as a consistent and practical patriot.

Our Trade With Colombia.

Hon. Ricardo Beccera, in Harper's Magazine for November.

Of the $30,000,000 to which the foreign commerce of Colombia annually amounts, a third at least is the product of her trade with the United States. Her imports from this country may be estimated at $5,000,000, and consist chiefly of flour, lard, and other articles of food, for which a market is found in the interior, wherever steamboat communication extends; hardware; machinery, industrial and agricultural; rails and rolling stock; oil, lamps and cotton fabrics. Colombia sends here in exchange, coffee, hides, cocoa, fruits, medicinal balsams such as the balsam of Tolu, caoutchouc, and some other articles in quantities too small to deserve mention. Mineral products begin to be exported from the mines worked in Choco, Antioquia and the upper Magdalena by American capitalists, and it is to be hoped that within a few years, when American labor and capital shall have still further developed this industry, New York will become, in common with London and Paris, a market for Columbian gold and silver.

Sanitarians, chemists and physicians of eminence have given much attention to the subject of food adulterations. As a result of careful investigation they proclaim most vehemently against the use of Ammonia, Alum, and other harsh chemicals in food articles. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is free from all drugs.

It must be an ill wind that has blown through a sick man's whiskers.

It Don't Pay

to experiment with uncertain remedies, when afflicted with any of the ailments for which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is recommended, as it is so positively certain in its effects as to warrant its manufacturers in guaranteeing it to benefit or cure, or money paid for it is returned. It is warranted to cure all blood, skin and scalp diseases, saltrheum, tetter, and all scrofulous sores or swellings, as well as consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs) if taken in time and given a fair trial.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

Only policemen and stars are allowed to shoot on streets of a well-regulated city.

To Those Interested.

HASTINGS, Mich., April 22, 1889.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

GENTS—This is to certify that I had been troubled with rheumatism in all its forms for the past twelve years, and was confined to my bed at various periods from three to six months at a time, and I could get about only by the aid of crutches. I employed several first-class physicians of this city, none of whom effected a cure or gave temporary relief even.

About two years ago I was induced to try Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and, after taking a few bottles I experienced relief, and now consider myself cured. I unhesitatingly recommend this medicine for rheumatism. I know what it has done for me, what physicians could not do, i. e., cured me of rheumatism.

MRS. H. J. KENFIELD.

Ask your druggist for it.
I certify to the above statement.
FRED L. HEATH, Druggist.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

A tip on winning the human race—Lift your hat to ladies.

How to Gain Flesh and Strength.

Use after each meal Scott's Emulsion; it is as palatable as milk. Delicate people improve rapidly upon its use. For Consumption, Throat affections and Bronchitis it is unequalled. Dr. Thomas Prim, Ala., says: "I used Scott's Emulsion on a child eight months old; he gained four pounds in a month."

The Queen of Roumania has evidently been toying with the game popularly known as whisky poker. She has just published a book entitled "Who Knocks?"

If you have ever used Dobbin's Electric during the 24 years it has been sold, you know that it is the best and purest family soap made. If you haven't tried it, ask your grocer for it now. Don't take imitations. There are lots of them.

A tailor requires many yards to cover a man, but a burglar will cover him with a small revolver.—Texas Siftings.

The most prominent physicians in the city smoke and recommend "Tansill's Punch."

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Ore.

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

If a woman hadn't her weak point she would be an angel.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 5c.

About Finger Nails.

Medical Classic.

A white mark on the nail bespeaks misfortune.

Pale or lead-colored nails indicate melancholy people.

Broad nails iddicate a gentle, timid and bashful nature.

Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails.

People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome.

Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy, and conceit.

Choleric martial men, delighting in war, have red and spotted nails.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is an inflammation of the mucous membranes, and may affect the head, throat, stomach, bowels or bladder. But catarrh of the head is the most common, often coming on so gradually that it has a firm hold before the nature of the trouble is suspected. Catarrh is caused by a cold, or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Its local symptoms are a sense of fullness and heat in the forehead, dryness in the nose and back part of the throat, and a disagreeable discharge from the nose. When the disease gains a firm hold on the system, it becomes chronic, and is then exceedingly treacherous and dangerous, liable to develop into consumption.

Fortunate is it that we have in Hood's Sarsaparilla the remedy for this ever increasing malady. It attacks at once the source of the disease by purifying and enriching the blood, which in passing through the delicate passages of the mucous membrane soothes and rebuilds the tissues, giving them tendency to health instead of disease, and ultimately curing the affection. At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the whole system and makes one feel that he has taken a new lease of life.

Many a runaway match has ignited from an old flame.

The Handsomest Lady in Town

Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit, any druggist will give you a Sample Bottle Free. Large size, 50c and $1.

The lawyer earns his fee by words and very frequently takes it out in deeds.

$5,000 for a Wife.

One of the greatest stories (founded on fact) ever published, commences in the December (X-mas) number of Godey's Lady's Book, published at Philadelphia. Every woman, married or single, should read it. Ready November 15th. All Newsdealers.

What is the most suitable musical composition for a farewell benefit? Why, a can-ta-ta, of course.

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, West Virginia, says. "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

The ocean greyhounds have no time to consider barks at sea.

'Twas Ever Thus.

Now milder is the solar ray,
The atmosphere's no longer blue,
And no one says to us to-day.
Say, is this hot enough for you?
But man is unto trouble born,
And every season has its ills;
The man who left the ice at morn
Alas! is sending in his bills.

Ill Winds

That blow "naebody any good" are plenty on the storm-vexed Atlantic, to say nothing of the occasionally typhoon-swept Pacific. The hapless voyager, when shaken up by the heavings of the "briny," should take that pleasantest and most salutary of doses, a wineglassful of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest stomachic and tonic that ever warmed, regulated and quieted the human interior. Railroad jolted and steamship shaken travelers will exercise a wise provision by supplying themselves with a sufficiency of this incomparable medicine for the journey. So will mariners, emigrants to the West, and others about to "seek fresh fields and pastures new." Malaria, the scourge of newly cleared and mining districts, is completely conquered and surely averted by the Bitters. Liver, bowel and kidney complaint and incipient rheumatism it annihilates.

Many who teach the young idea how to shoot apparently don't know that it's loaded.

ST. JACOBS OIL used according to DIRECTIONS with each BOTTLE, FOR BURNS and SCALDS.

A Baby Burned.
Aastad, Minn., Sept. 25, 1888.
Our baby—1½ years old—burned her hand on a hot stove and we put St. Jacobs Oil on it. It took the pain all out, at once; after putting it on 2 or 3 times it was all cured up.
C. P. STAVE and Family.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER purchase one of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibres 32, 38 and 44-100. Single or double action, Safety Hammerless and Target models. Constructed entirely of best quality wrought steel, carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, they are unrivaled for finish, durability and accuracy. Do not be deceived by cheap malleable cast-iron imitations which are often sold for the genuine article and are not only unreliable, but dangerous. The SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are all stamped upon the barrels with firm's name, address and dates of patents and are guaranteed perfect in every detail. Insist upon having the genuine article, and if your dealer cannot supply you an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Descriptive catalogue and prices furnished upon application.
SMITH & WESSON, Springfield, Mass.
☞ Mention this paper.

GARMENTS Guaranteed TO FIT PERFECT without trying on. FREE by return mail, full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

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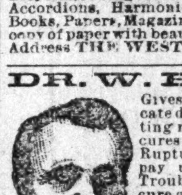
DR. W. H. SARBER



Gives special attention to all delicate diseases of both sexs. Regulating remedies furnished. Cancers, cures guaranteed without the knife. Rupture, no cure no pay, and no pay until cured. Piles. Rectal Troubles successfully treated, and cure guaranteed. For the successful treatment of any other ills not mentioned call on or address, DR. SARBER, 96½ South Illinois Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
All letters containing 2c stamp promptly answered and medicines sent to order.

HOW to CURE CATARRH. A circular describing a new and non irritating home treatment, that will cure Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Hay Fever, Throat Affections, Bronchitis, and Consumption in its incipient stage, will be sent any one thus affected, by addressing D. YINGLING, M. D., Huntington, Ind.

ASTHMA. Popham's Asthma Specific. Relief in TEN MINUTES. WM. GLEGHORN, Gardner, Ill., writes: "I have not had to sit up an hour for three years. I hope the man that invented the SPECIFIC may have everlasting life and God's blessing while he lives." Sold by all druggists. $1 per box by mail, postpaid. Trial package Free. Address T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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The Best and Cheapest of the Lady's-Books.

It is without a rival in the excellence of its stories and novelets, the beauty of its illustrations, the completeness of its fashion and work-table departments, and the helpfulness of its many miscellaneous articles. It numbers among its contributors some of our best-known authors

Eight novelets, nearly one hundred short stories, sketches of travel, history, biography; etc., articles on home, dressmaking, the care of the sick, and household management, numerous designs for needlework, embroidery, knitting, painting, etc., will be given during 1890, making a volume of nearly 1200 pages.

Terms: Two Dollars per year, with great reductions to clubs and fine premiums for getting up clubs.

Sample copy free, to get up a club with.
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G — Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark.
I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.
We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.
$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

$15. FREE TRADE PRICES! NO PROTECTION! NO MONOPOLIES! $45 SEWING MACHINES | NOW ONLY $15
We are now selling our WESTERN IMPROVED SINGER SEWING MACHINE—same as cut—complete with all attachments and warranted for 5 years for only $15. Send for circular and see full description of this and other styles to M. A. SCULLEN & CO., 762 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

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BUCK HANDLE The BEST 4-blade Pocket Knife ever sold for the money. Extra metal, fine finish. SENT BY MAIL FOR $1.00 ALLING & LODGE MADISON, INDIANA. Mention this paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
25 CTS
Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER, ATTORNEY, WASHINGTON, D. C., WILL GET YOUR PENSION without DELAY.

Danger from Catarrh

Catarrh is an exceedingly disagreeable disease its varied symptoms,—discharge at the nose, bad breath, pain between the eyes, coughing, choking sensation, ringing noises in the ears, etc.,—not only troublesome to the sufferer, but offensive to others. Catarrh is also dangerous, because it may lead to bronchitis or consumption. Being a blood disease the true method of cure is to purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has cured many severe cases of catarrh.

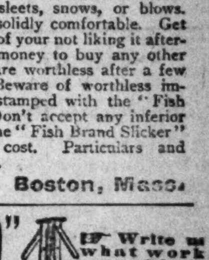
"For several years I had been troubled with a kind of asthma or catarrh in my throat, and had tried several kinds of medicine but could find nothing to help me. My wife wanted me to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I told the druggist of whom I bought it that I had no faith in it, but would give it a trial, which I did. I must say I was very much benefited by using it and would recommend it very highly to any one having asthma or catarrh." ELIAS P. DEVRIES, firm of Devries & Peterson, Omaha, Neb.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar.

HAVE A CAB.?

When you are addressed as above, your first impulse is to look at the driver. If the day be stormy and the driver is a wise man, you will find that he wears a "Fish Brand Slicker," and he will tell you that he is as comfortable on the box as his passenger in the cab, and that for his business this coat is invaluable. When you get once inside a "Fish Brand Slicker," there's no such thing as weather for you. It doesn't make the smallest difference whether it rains, hails, sleets, snows, or blows. You are absolutely and solidly comfortable. Get one at once. No danger of your not liking it afterwards. It is a waste of money to buy any other waterproof coat. They are worthless after a few weeks of hard usage. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.
A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.

THIS IS THE GREAT "OHIO" TUBULAR WELL AND PROSPECTING MACHINE famous for succeeding where others have failed. SELF CLEANING. Drill drops 60 to 90 times a minute. CATALOGUE FREE. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.



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CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. Red Cross Diamond Brand. The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Ladies, ask Druggist for the Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Philada, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED To handle Article every stove requires. Retails $4.00, saves $1.50 per month. Must establish County Agencies. Samples sent, expressage prepaid, on receipt of $2.75. MOREY MFG. CO., Waukesha, Wis.

LADIES' Eng. Tansy Pills. Safe, prompt, effectual. Try the original and only genuine Woman's Salvation. Cir. and sworn testimony 2 stps. Pkg by mail $1.04. Warranted. DR. CATON, Box 5257, BOSTON, MASS.

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OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens. Lebanon, Ohio.

INU 46—89 INDPLS

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MAGIC REMEDY Will cure Blood Poison where mercury fails. Owned and for sale only by Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Neb. Write.

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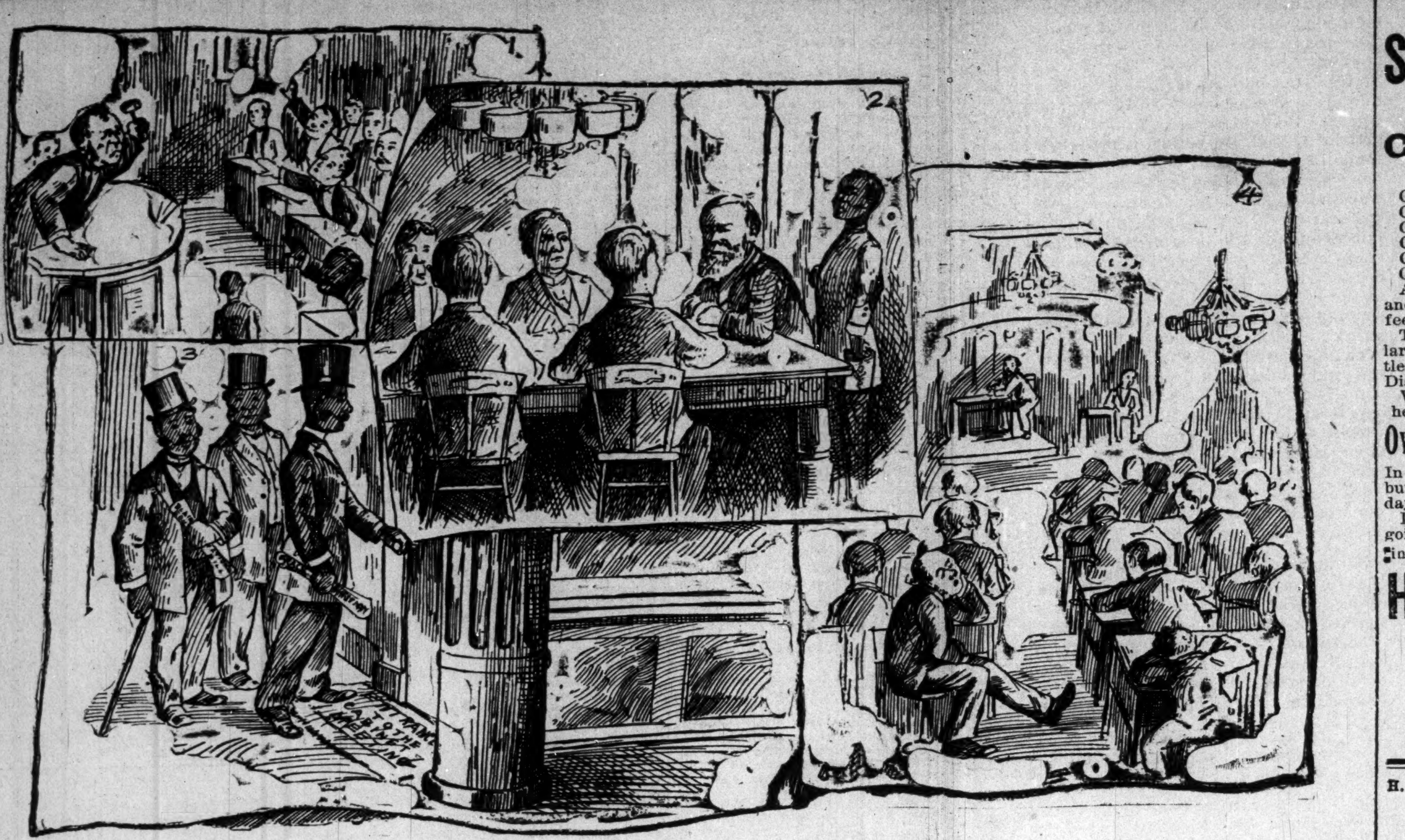
COMES EVERY WEEK | READ IN 430,000 HOMES | STORIES BY THE BEST AUTHORS | 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS | TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE | SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY | CHARMING CHILDREN'S PAGE | WEEKLY SUPPLEMENTS | FOR ALL THE FAMILY | ONLY $1.75 A YEAR.

See the large advertisement in a previous issue of this paper. Send for Colored Announcement and Specimen Copies, free.

FREE TO JAN. 1, 1890.

THIS SLIP — To any New Subscriber who will cut out and send us this slip, with name and Post Office address and $1.75, we will send The Youth's Companion FREE to Jan. 1, 1890, and for a full year from that date. This offer includes the FOUR DOUBLE HOLIDAY NUMBERS, and all the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY SUPPLEMENTS. — WITH $1.75
39 Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.



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1. The House of Representatives. 2. A Meeting of the Cabinet. 3. The Race Question. 4. The Senate.

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In

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Granite Iron Dish Pans.
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And in the same ware the best, "tried and proved," Coffee Biggin (French Coffee Pot) in the market.

The above are new in addition to our large stock of this ware in Preserving Kettles, Sauce Kettles, Wash Basins, Soap Dishes, etc., etc.

We ought to have told you Saturday of he nice, clean and fresh

Oval Willow Clothes Baskets

In three sizes. You will want them to-day but we will have them for next "wash day."

If you are going to start housekeeping, going to get married, have any replenishing to do we will save you money at the

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Window Shades, Oil Cloths, Etc. Estimates furnished.

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Who can not under the American laws practice medicine, has a line of prepared CHINESE HERB AND VEGETABLE SPECIFICS, for the cure of various diseases, which he sells for a small sum. They are quick to act, PERFECTLY HARMLESS, PLEASANT TO TAKE, and never fail to cure.

NO CHARGE FOR ADVICE OR CONSULTATION, as Gun Wa does not practice medicine. A friendly talk COSTS NOTHING. If you can not call, write to Gun Wa for a HISTORY OF HIS LIFE, or a circular on CANCER, RHEUMATISM, CATARRH, PILES, FEMALE WEAKNESS, TAPE WORM, or his book (for men only) on nervous diseases. All correspondence and interviews confidential. No letters answered unless enclosing 4c in stamps.

Thousands of Testimonials on File From Well-known Americans who have been cured by GUN WA.

The testimonials given above are but few of the many sent daily to Gun Wa, whose Celebrated Chinese Vegetable Medicines are recognized the world over by their healing and life giving qualities. They are made of Rare Medical Herbs, imported from China for this sole purpose, and are not in use nor known to any physician in the United States. Gun Wa is not allowed to practice his profession or visit the sick, as his limited knowledge of the English language prevents his graduating in any of the American colleges of medicine. He has, however, a merchant's privileges to SELL HIS REMEDIES. Call in and see his handsome oriental parlors at 25 West Washingtun St., and have an interview with the famous doctor. The consultation will be FREE, and the MEDICINES ARE SOLD VERY LOW. There are remedies for everything—CATARRH, CONSUMPTION, LIVER, KIDNEYS, RHEUMATISM, FEMALE WEAKNESS and NERVOUS DISEASES. Send 4c stamp and get a history of his life and other printed matter.

Gun Wa's Chinese Blood Purifier

Cures Secondary Blood Poisoning.

Office hours: 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m.

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25 W. Wash. Street, Indianapolis, - Indiana.

Gun Wa has several parlors. You will see him privately.

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Turn over a new leaf. Save 50 cents a week by taking a share in the Champion Building and Loan Association. Meets every Monday evening at the New York Hat Store. Run with less expense and cheaper for the borrower than any other Association in the city. Take shares any time. No back dues. Call on Wm. Prosser Jr., Secretary, Room 51 Thorpe Block.

The Indiana Hospital Company, 98 West Washington street. This company furnishes (1) treatment free to prevent sickness; (2) a home for the sick and disabled, with board, lodging, medical attention, medicines and nursing; (3) medical and surgical attention and medicines at home, and a weekly allowance in case of accident or sickness. For further particulars call at company's office. Board of Managers—Albert Gall, President; H. M. LaFollette, Vice President; Bruce Carr, Treasurer; E. J. Robison, Secretary; G. W. Combs, M. D., Medical Director; Ford Woods, Auditor.

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is new complete with all the late and most stylish garments in the market.

Everything new and at popular prices, which has been our aim.

We can please everybody, either in price or style.

We call special attention to our Plush Sacques, which are better than ever before, snd for prices can not be excelled in the State.

Our Newmarkets are all of the newest materials, tailor made, perfect in finish and fit.

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Where can you get real bargainsin

Boots and Shoes?

Why, at 164 Indiana Ave. where you will find a good large stock of boots and shoes at most reasonable prices. Everybody come, and let us convince you that we do a strictly honest business.

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3,000 yds. stylish yard wide Dress Goods in Plaids and Persian Effetes. Come early.

14c.

1,900 yds. Double Fold Tricot cloth. Full line of fall shades and colorings.

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1,800 yds. 6-cent Calicoes—Standard weight and choice styles. Our price, 5 cts. per yard.

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2,000 yds. Canton Flannel. Regular 6 ct. quality.

48c.

36 in. Stripe Flannel Skirts --all colors. Worth 75 cts.

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1,000 skeins of All Wool Stocking Yarn--full line of colors.

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Men's Canton Flannel Drawers--worth 25c.

12 1-2c.

Misses' All Wool Seamless Hosiery. Size 6 inch only.

23c.

The greatest value in an all wool Seamless Ladies' Cashmere Mitten worth 38 cts. Our price, 23c.

Jackson, Porter & Alderman.

26 and 28 W. Washington St.

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Housefurnishing Goods of Every Description.

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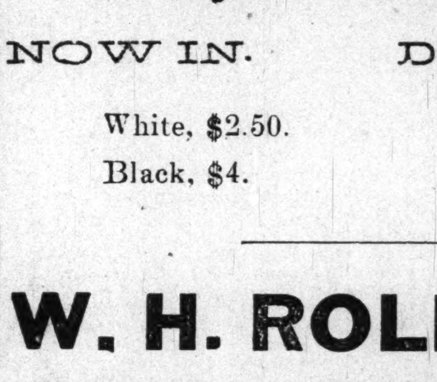
One and a half squares South of Washington St

Angora Goat Rugs.

NOW IN. DO NOT DELAY

White, $2.50. Gray, $3.00.
Black, $4. Fox $7.00.

W. H. ROLL, 30 to 38 S. Illinois St.



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A SUIT

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He keeps a full line of the best goods and his prices are the lowest.

Pants to Order, $4 and Upwards,
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You will Save Money if you buy your

HATS

of us. We sell more Hats and Caps than any other three hat stores in this city combined. We buy them from the manufacturers for CASH and sell them at a very small profit. It will be money in your pocket to trade with us.

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LARGE VARIETY IN SELECT STOCK.

Call in and get bargains at 98 East New York Street. All goods sold for CASH or on easy PAYMENTS.

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Grandest - of - the - Season.

The U. B. F. No. 22, and S. M. T. No. 24,

WILL GIVE A

Grand * Entertainment

And Promenade Concert, at LYRA HALL,

MONDAY EVENING, November 25th.

Noted Speakers will be present. Grand March takes place at 9:30. Supper will be served from 10 to 12 p. m. There will be three prizes: Barrel of flour, dress pattern and set of dishes. Tickets will be sold at the Hall. We will spare no pains to make it pleasant for all. Come One, Come all, and have a grand time. Good music furnished by Fulkerson Band.

Committee on Arrangements. Joel Cage, Porter Green, Wm. Little, Lewis Harris, A. Craighead, Luo Riser, Fannie Bell, Annie Williams, Laura Braudas, Ella Quarles, Henry Griffin, Chairman Floor Managers. Joel Cage and Porter Green.

Admission, 25 Cents.

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—ON—

EASY TERMS?

Or Dress Goods and Patterns of Nearly Every Kinds and Quality? If so. Don't Fail to Go to

F. E. FULLER INSTALLMENT CO.,

108 N. Penn. St., Before Buying.

This enterprising firm has made arrangements by which goods may be delivered on FIRST PAYMENT, and you need not wait all winter before wearing them. Cloaks and Jackets in all styles. Also, Table Linens Lace Curtains, Clocks and Silverware for the table, Albums, and everything "too numerous to mention." These last named goods were ordered especially for the holiday trade and you should take advantage of our easy payment.

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Plush Cloaks!

BEAUTIFUL CLOAKS!

For Ladies, Misses ad Children. BEST Goods for LOWEST price.

Parisian Cloak Co.

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To Sell Our Royal Book,

"The Black Phalanx."

It is a history of the Negro Soldiers and gives a full account of their services in fighting for freedom and the Union, from the Revolution to the present time. SPLENDID PICTURES of the Negro Troops. All say it is the grandest book ever written. Piles of money to be made selling it, for every body wants it. You Can Make Money. One man has already made 600 dollars on 500 books. Don't fail to send at once for circulars and see our Liberal Terms to Agents. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Ct., Boston, Cincinnati or St. Louis. (Mention this Paper).